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Au Courant.

DISCUSSION continues as to the expediency of having ladies in our church choirs. In the *Illustrated London News*, Archdeacon Govett comes forward in defence of the sex being allowed a place in the choir at Gibraltar Cathedral. Among the 5,000 military stationed there, little difficulty is found in obtaining tenors and basses, but boys' trebles to balance them are scarce. To remedy this defect, the organist, Mr. Alfred Digby, introduced thirty-seven ladies, "young and elder," who wear surplice jackets, a black skirt over their ordinary dress, and college caps. The Archdeacon says the innovation is an unalloyed success, and metaphorically pats his organist on the back by declaring that the nations which pay due honour to womanhood are the most enlightened and progressive.

A COMMON form of atonement for past misdeeds is the resolution to "turn over a new leaf" with the New Year. Several of my contemporaries have signalled the advent of 1894 by giving their readers the opportunity of turning over many new leaves. The *Musical Times* has been enlarged to 72 pages; the *Lute* has added considerably to its reading matter; the *Organist and Choirmaster* (which, by the way, rejoices in a trio of editors) promises an extension of its columns; and the *Musical Standard*, the oldest of the weeklies, has come down to a penny, and gone up to 72 columns. Good luck to you all, my brothers!

IN a vigorous little pamphlet, published by Mr. Ashdown, Mr. C. Oldershaw, of Leicester, takes up the cudgels against Mr. W. H. Cummings in his efforts to foist on us the Continental system of fingering. An important point noted by Mr. Oldershaw is that our present method of pianoforte fingering blends perfectly with the fingering of other instruments. The student of the violin or the cello, for example, when taking up piano practice, finds nothing in this respect to change, and nothing to confuse or embarrass him. The conclusion of the whole matter is, that the musical profession should steadily adhere to the excellent method which has been in use with us for more than 130 years, and should not be persuaded to abandon it until a better system than the Continental is offered in its place.

THE Turkish Court-pianist, Dussap Pasha, is stated to receive £600 a year for his services; but he is temporarily suspended every time he plays a tune the Sultan does not care to hear. As there is no word of a suspension of salary on account of these indiscretions, the piano-pounding Pasha would seem to have an excellent chance of frequently freeing himself from

duty. What lucky fellows these Continentals are! In some towns even the organ-grinders have their hours of service limited.

Sylvia's Journal has been singing the praises of Mr. Hamish MacCunn. *Sylvia* is evidently "written by women for women," and Mr. MacCunn's critic is, I presume, one of the sex. At a recent performance of *The Cameronian's Dream*, she says, a lady who was beside her inquired, "What sort of a composer is Mr. MacCunn?" "Very great at storms and battles," was the prompt reply. There was some truth in the remark, for in several of the Scottish composer's works either a storm or a battle forms the climax. The circumstance, as the cynical Englishman might say, probably arises from Mr. MacCunn keeping always before him the watchword, "Scotland for ever." The young composer has now finished his opera on the subject of "Jeanie Deans," and the work will be produced by the Carl Rosa Company at Liverpool this season. The libretto is by Mr. Joseph Bennett, who is said to have adhered closely to Scott's story, even to the extent of using the novelist's exact phraseology.

THE College of Organists has got its royal charter at last, and so henceforward an "R" will be added to the familiar "A.C.O." and "F.C.O." This will hardly please the editor of *Truth*, who, in a slashing article, points out several defects in the management of the College, notably the possession of a department for "musical millinery." According to Labby's organ, the College—which exists "not for profit"—has a tidy little sum of £4,000 in investments! Now that the charter has been granted, would it not be a graceful thing to help out the salaries of underpaid organists by the surplus funds? I observe, by the way, that Mr. M. E. Wesley has resigned the treasurership of the College, which he has held since 1875. Mr. Wesley is a grand-nephew of the founder of "the sect called Methodists."

DVORAK, it seems, has taken quite a fancy for negro melodies—to such an extent, indeed, that he has just finished a Symphony, the "suggestions" for which he acknowledges to be taken from that class of tune to which, I presume, "John Brown's body" belongs. The work, which is in regular Symphonic form, will be produced by the Philharmonic Society during the summer. It will certainly have something of novelty to recommend it, if all be true that the critics on the other side say of it. The composer is evidently bidding for popularity in America, since he confesses to a special liking for Longfellow.

SOME interesting particulars are published regarding the oldest village band in the country. The distinction belongs to Stedham, a village in the Midhurst district of Sussex. The Sted-

ham band dates back as far as 1790, when Henry Bailey was its leader. In 1837 the band adopted a uniform of white trousers, and caps circled by blue bands, which latter by-and-by gave place to red. In 1872 blue tunics and trousers came into vogue, to yield, in 1889, to the present Hussar costume, with gold lace bands on caps. The present drummer's great-grandfather played in the band nearly a hundred years ago.

AT Bury there is a celebrated brass band (Besses-o'-th'-Barn) which has been established over a century, and its only support is the profit from a "social," to which between 300 and 400 members pay 4s. a year. There is not a single gentleman subscriber to the band. With two exceptions, all the instrumentalists work as journeymen. Last year they earned over £1,000 by playing at concerts. The biggest prize they ever won was £231 10s., at Belle Vue, Manchester, in 1892.

A PRESBYTERIAN parson has been interviewing Edward Grieg, and has found out that the Norwegian composer's great-grandfather was a Scot who emigrated from Fraserburgh several centuries. He confesses to a fondness for several Scotch writers, notably Carlyle; and he thinks Edinburgh the most beautiful city in our "tight little island." Edinburgh people, he says, are very kind. "They have asked me repeatedly to visit them and to play, and I would do so willingly if it were not for the sea. I am the very worst sailor. Once, some years ago, I crossed from Bergen to Aberdeen. I shall never forget that night of horrors, never!" But why not, following the plan of Mendelssohn, turn it to account in a Symphony?

APROPOS of Mons. Guilman's organ recitals, in the States, Mr. Philip Hale, a pupil of the master, writing in the *Musical Courier*, thus sums up the different types of organist to be found in the New World. There are the men who have devoted their full attention to the mastery of this one instrument—organists in the true sense of the word. Then there are organists who are really pianists, but who lay violent hands upon the noble instrument, that they may increase their income by playing in church service. These men are apt to regard the organ as an inferior instrument, designed apparently for the playing of hymn tunes; they play it as if it were a piano; they have no true organ technic; and they are entirely ignorant of the wealth of music written expressly for the instrument. This class is "the abomination of desolation," spoken of by the Hebrew prophet. The third class is made up of amateurs who are "fond of music" and have "an excellent ear." This manner of organist is a member of the congregation, and is willing to play for little or no money; or he is a relative of one of the music committee of the church; or he has a profitable business and welcomes the additional salary. These organists keep the deserving

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from securing positions which belong rightfully to them; they lower and cheapen the art of organ playing. Such is Mr. Hale's classification; and if we add the village schoolmistress, it will apply quite well at home.

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MASCAGNI'S latest passion is for watches. He has formed a collection of these time-keepers in gold, and silver, and nickel, and is as much pleased with them as a child. No. 2 watch has a double row of figures, one row indicating the hours from one to twelve, the other the Italian style from one to twenty-four. This watch must be invaluable in the composer's native land, where the theatres open at 19½, and where you can loaf about the Galleria from 13 to 17 o'clock. But why, asks some one, does Mascagni not add to his collection a Waterbury watch? He could wind it up for an hour or two when he wants some steady exercise!

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THE editor of the *Berlin Courier* has seen Leoncavallo at Milan, and gives an account of the interview in his journal. The composer, we are told, resides in a one-storey vine-clad dwelling in a walled-in garden, and his rooms are decorated with Japanese fans, weapons, lanterns, slit-eyed deities, *et hoc genus omne*. Leoncavallo says he finds it impossible to set to music somebody else's libretto, and so, after the example of Wagner, he writes his own text. He has a horror of re-writing or deleting. "The parts of my compositions are carried in my head till I can write them down, even to the very last note. Then I do not alter a jot." *I Pagliacci*, which was written, text and music, in four months, is based, it seems, on a murder trial that took place at Cosenza before the composer's father, who is judge of the court there.

* * *

HERR DAVID POPPER, the 'cello virtuoso, who was recently in this country, has lately been the object of several cruel attacks in the Buda-Pesth press, one of the "inventions" being to the effect that he treated his child by his first marriage in an inhuman way. It is curious, as the *Musical Courier* remarks, that some seventeen years ago equally unfounded charges were brought against his divorced wife, Sophia Menter-Popper. She was accused of ill-treating her child, and of allowing it to be ill-treated, and the Vienna papers gave pictures of the child in its neglected condition. The story was proved to be entirely unfounded.

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THE number of "Strad" violins in the hands of our public players is increasing. The string quartets at the Monday Popular Concerts are now played entirely upon instruments of this make, Mr. Alfred Gibson having recently purchased the lovely violin which belonged to Charles Reade, the great novelist. Mr. Carrodus, too, has added a fine Guarnerius to his splendid collection; Mr. A. R. Blagrove has purchased a famous Strad 'cello of 1691; and Miss Wietrowetz, a rising star among the lady violinists, has acquired a Strad for the sum of £700. The Irishman once said that some men can't make a living until they are dead: he might with some truth have said this of Stradivarius.

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THEY do order some things better in France, but not all. In a recent interview M. Lamoureux relates that he was the object of countless insults and threatenings when he proposed to produce *Lohengrin* in 1887. He received no fewer than 500 insulting letters, half of which threatened him with death. On the evening

he went under the protection of twenty of his friends, armed with revolvers, in addition to four policemen! The walls were placarded with "Death to Lamoureux," and to cap the climax, he received a letter saying that his only daughter would be killed the moment he gave the signal to begin the opera. Lamoureux says that all this was got up by composers and publishers, and was not the outcome of Chauvinism.

* * *

A CERTAIN bold Barwolf of Brussels has "composed" a mass exclusively of *Leitmotive* from *Lohengrin*. The ingenious gentleman has substituted religious words for dramatic words, and thus adapted Wagner's music to the Church Service. A fragment of the air of the Saint Graal forms the Kyrie; the Gloria is the chorus in D of the second act, the solo being the parts of the King and the Herald. The Credo is the entering chorus of the fourth tableau, with a tenor solo, concluding with a fragment of the *ensemble* before the duel in Act I. Two opening themes, and the air of farewell of *Lohengrin*, serve for the Sanctus and Benedictus. Elsa's entrance and the Bridal Chorus of Act III. compose the Agnus Dei and Dona Nobis. The tonality of the work has been so combined that, few passages requiring transposition, the tonal correlation is preserved.

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RIGHTLY or wrongly, the reproach is constantly being made that, compared with other nations, we are singularly remiss in paying respect to the memory of our illustrious dead. Every one will, therefore, welcome the decision of the Incorporated Society of Musicians to have memorial tablets affixed to the houses in which some of our great composers died. The houses selected in the meantime are those of Sterndale Bennett and Sir George Macfarren—both in the St. John's Wood region—and the house 103, Great Portland Street, in which Weber died.

* * *

CANON FARRAR confesses that with the best will in the world to profit by the many criticisms of his books, he has never profited in the least by any of them. This seems to be the experience of Mr. Henry T. Finck, who castigates the critics of his book on Wagner through three columns of the *New York Musical Courier*. Mr. Finck should make a collection of the contradictory views, arrange them in parallel columns, and use them as an advertisement of his book. Schumann declares that an unfavourable judgment has the weight of ten favourable ones; and if this be so, Mr. Finck would probably find in effect an exact balance between good and evil.

* * *

A NEW volume of Liszt's letters is about to be published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, under the editorship of Frau Marie Lepsius. The letters were addressed to a lady who was formerly a pupil of the Weimar virtuoso, and no doubt they will make good reading.

* * *

The death at Vienna, of Schubert's friend, Benedict Randhartinger, removes the oldest of Austrian musicians. He was in his 92nd year, and in 1812, when a choir-boy at Vienna, he was a fellow pupil of Schubert, under Salieri. It was owing mainly to him that Schubert's *Schöne Müllerin* songs were composed, Schubert while waiting at his house, happening one day to take up a volume of Müller's poems, some of which he at once set to music, and he was the only friend who visited Schubert on his

death-bed. Randhartinger was one of the harmony teachers of Liszt; and his compositions, mostly songs, run to something like 600.

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IT seems there is nautical pitch as well as concert pitch. One day, while his apparatus for deep sea soundings by means of steel piano wire was being constructed, Lord Kelvin entered Mr. White's shop, in Glasgow, along with Dr. Joule. The attention of the latter was called to a bundle of the piano wire, and Thomson explained that he intended it for sounding purposes, "What note?" innocently enquired Joule, and was promptly answered, "The deep C."

* * *

A DAUGHTER of the late Dr. Hullah has for some years been studying at Vienna, under Leschetizky, the teacher of Madame Esipoff, and Mr. Paderewski. Miss Hullah has now returned to London, where she will teach on the Leschetizky system, and prepare pupils for further study under the master at Vienna.

* * *

SEVEN cities, as we know, claimed Homer as a son. In these later days something of the same confusion seems to have arisen in the case of Rubinstein, who is quoted as saying, "The Jews consider me a Christian, the Christians a Jew, the Classicists a music-of-the-future man, the music-of-the-future men a Classicist; the Russians a German, and the Germans a Russian." All this, however, is harmless; it is not as if any one had dared to call the eminent virtuoso a great composer.

* * *

VON BÜLOW confesses himself particularly fond of a Strauss waltz. He cannot see any reason why such a work, which is always artistic, and may be classed among the best of its kind, should not be performed from time to time by a large orchestra. He thinks it would give our ears a little rest from the serenity of the classics, and would "act like olives in preparing our palate for a fresh course."

* * *

THE American critics are this season unusually severe on Patti. "Selfish, unprogressive, avaricious," she has "never thought of her art as aught but a money-making enterprise"; and now, "sans voice, sans look, sans everything," she is once more "before the American public, cap in hand, begging a few more dollars, for which she gives naught in return but a few old-fashioned arias that she has been singing nearly forty years." Patti, in short, says the *New World* critics, is played out, and so "the curtain rings down on the pitiable spectacle of avariciousness and ignoble art."

* * *

IT seems to be the peculiar province of the National Anthem to excite controversy. The origin of "God save the Queen," as we all know, has been nearly as much debated as was of old time the source of the Nile. Now it is apparently the Austrian Hymn that is about to engage the attention of the antiquaries. In a recent number of the *Croatian Review*, Dr. Kuhac, an authority on Croatian folk-song, asserts that Haydn's popular air was based on a Croatian melody; while Dr. Riemann, in the *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, not only confirms this statement, but adds that the composer made use of Croatian themes in many passages of his other works.



Musical life in London.

HEAD this Article "MUSICAL LIFE," but in truth there has been none. Some good things were hoped from the winter season, but so far it has belied the promise it showed. There have been concerts, but no "events." We English flatter ourselves that we are a "musical nation," and yet we jog contentedly along, hearing the old things again and again, and hardly a novelty from month's end to month's end. If Mr. August Manns fetches forward half a dozen new compositions, and as many new young lady violinists, we positively adore him—been rightly, too; for it is not our conductors who are unmusical, but ourselves, us, the public. If we were genuinely musical, we would hurry to hear the latest novelty, even from the obscure pen of John Smith. Instead of that, we say, "There's nothing worth hearing at the Palace, or the Symphony, or the Popular Concert to-day; only a new symphony by some one called Brown, or an overture by Jones, or a quartet by Smith—men we've never heard of before! So conductors don't find novelties a paying thing, and they cannot be expected to lose money to play things that no one wants to hear. Mr. Manns sacrifices himself, and we laud him to the skies; but other conductors are not in Mr. Manns' position, and to be lauded to the skies is not bread and butter, which, strangely enough, conductors need, just as ordinary mortals do. We must face the fact that we are not a musical nation; that our concerts do not provide a constant succession of fresh interests like those of even the fallen Germany of to-day; that, until we do get this constant blossoming of new musical works, and thus constant interest in the mere process of blossoming, we are absolutely without any right to be called musical. A season like that which is now boring us is perhaps an evil out of which good will spring, a bitter tonic, or an icy cold douche, to rouse us from lethargic dreaming in a fool's paradise. However, devoid though it is of significance, I must record the facts.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

Since last writing there has been one Symphony Concert. It was in some respects an improvement on its predecessor. Whether the unanimous condemnations of the press have or have not been helpful in fetching this about I cannot say. Suffice it that Mr. Henschel conducted better than he has this season. The first thing on the programme was the "Procession of the Gods into Valhalla." It was not badly played, but I must protest against the economy that substitutes oboes, clarinets, horns, and euphoniums for the various singers. As one critic has remarked, a procession of the gods with the gods left out, is not a procession of gods. Only the very highest praise can be given to the performance of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. Not a point was missed, and a good many were made that I have not heard before. The first movement is even more wondrously sad and tender than the Adagio—for the latter has triumphant moments, which the former never has—and Mr. Henschel made it sad and tender to the last degree. In my opinion, the "Journey to the Rhine" was taken once and a half times too fast, the staccato "chipping" of the violins being therefore missed; but no fault can be found with the playing of the latter part of the tone-picture. The new violinist, Mr. César Thompson, is a wonderful

executant, who makes light of the ugliest, vulgarest and most difficult variations of Paganini; but I shall have to hear him in something better than the terrible Goldmark Concert he played, or Max Bruck's Slow Movement, or the said Paganini variations, before deciding whether he is a great artist. For the present, he has shown himself a great virtuoso, and left the impression that he hankers after pieces that display technique rather than those that demand greater artistic power.

Too late for last issue, the Stock Exchange Choral Society gave a concert in St. James's Hall. They are an enthusiastic body of players, as the following programme shows:—

Dramatic Prelude in D	... G. E. Boys Street.
Glees	{ "The Cloud-capt Towers" Stevens.
	{ "Discord, Dire Sister" Webb.
Symphony in B Flat	... Haydn.
Aria	... "Entreat me not to leave thee" Gounod.
	Miss Luna Zagury.
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra	... Beethoven.
	M. Tivadar Nachez.
Orchestral Suite (in the olden style)	Sir H. Oakeley.
	(First time of performance in London.)
Part Songs	{ "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" C. H. Lloyd.
	{ "Lovely Spring" Wilhelm.
Violin Solos	{ (a) "Ave Maria" Schubert-Wilhelm.
	{ (b) "Witches' Dance" Bazzini.
	M. Tivadar Nachez.
Songs	{ (a) "Among the Shadows" Nachez.
	{ (b) "Ich liebe Dich" Meyer-Helmund.
	Miss Luna Zagury.
Overture	"Le Médecin malgré lui" Gounod.

The playing of the band was very good indeed; the glee singing was also good, and the only inartistic work of the evening was Mr. Tivadar Nachez's slovenly rendering of the Beethoven concerto—a work which is far beyond his powers. In the drawing-trifles in the second part he was more tolerable. Miss Alice Schedrowitz was to have sung, but influenza interfered, and Miss Luna Zagury, a lady possessing a very small but not unpleasant voice, did her best in her stead. The orchestral suite is a singular piece of music, pleasant enough at moments, but too pedantic, and never suggestive of the "olden time."

Unfortunately I was able to hear only the second half of the concert given by the Westminster Orchestral Society, in the Westminster Town Hall, on December 20th, 1893. The orchestra played well, as they should, for Mr. Stewart Macpherson is an energetic and inspiring conductor; but Mr. Walter Macpherson's overture to "King Henry V." is a piece in which I hardly think I can give a fair opinion. It is not, properly speaking, music, but a University degree exercise, a species of arithmetic against which, as my readers know, I have an unaccountable prejudice. Mrs. Eaton sang prettily in Gounod's "Ave Maria"; Miss Llewella Davies played skilfully in Schumann's Finale to Op. 13, and Mr. Ferdinand Hill did his best in a concerto by Vieuxtemps.

RECITALS.

None.

ACADEMIC.

On the afternoon of December 19, the R.A.M. students played and sang in St. James's Hall, fully sustaining their various reputations. Mr. Harold Macpherson played neatly in Weber's Concerto in E flat; Mr. Philip Brozel showed himself the possessor of a fine voice in an air by Gounod; Mr. Sybil Palliser gave a concerto by Heuselt (!) daintily; and composition "was represented," as they say at Lord Mayor's dinners, by a Dramatic Scene written by Mr. Reginald Steggall. I cannot speak so favourably of a concert given on the previous day by the students of

Trinity College. Why Mr. Corder should revive such tedious commonplace as the late Cipriani Potter's duet for violin and piano with orchestra, is a mystery that defies solution. Mr. Feingsteen and Mr. Ketelby did what they had been taught in it; but neither their performance, nor any that followed it, was good enough to demand special notice.

THE "POPS."

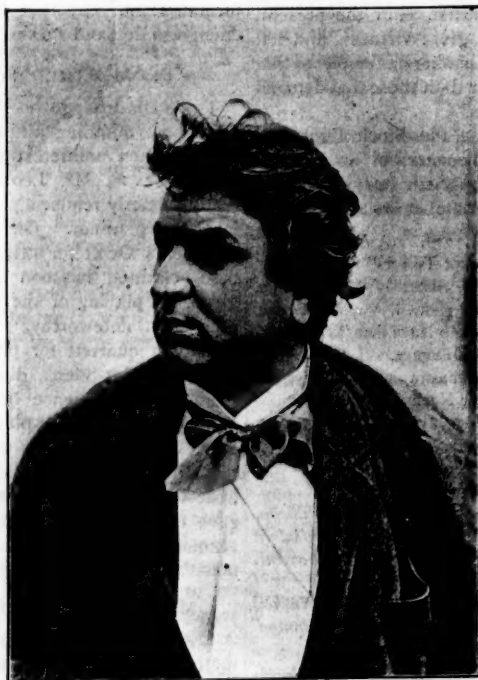
These concerts go on steadily, now drawing good, now middling audiences, now giving interesting, now uninteresting programmes. On December 18, Mr. Leonard Berwick gave a really masterly rendering of Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor. On Monday, January 8, Schubert's Octet for strings (including double-bass) clarinet, bassoon and horn, was finely given, the playing of the lovely Andante being especially noteworthy. On January 15, a novelty, a quartet for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, by Saint-Saëns, did not seem a special "draw," the audience being of the smallest. With the usual string-players, and Miss Fanny Davies at the piano, a perfect rendering was secured; but the music is too poor and tawdry to deserve anything of the kind. Miss Davies gave the best performance I remember of a Humoreske by Schumann. These are the most noticeable occurrences.

MR. THEODOR PLOWITZ'S CONCERT.

A crowded hall, a crowded programme, everybody beaming in the happiest of tempers—such was the idyllic scene into which I intruded on Thursday, the 18th of January, at the Steinway Hall. To speak paradoxically, by giving us less for our money, Mr. Plowitz might have given us more; that is, the quality of the concert would have been improved by the elimination of one or two of the baker's dozen of artists with whom the hero of the evening surrounded himself. Concerning Mr. Plowitz's share of the work, there is only good to be said: the most prominent characteristic of his playing is a certain quiet grace, helpful towards removing from the piano the Philistine reproach of "a box of fireworks." In a trio by Perry, the pianist was ably assisted by Mr. John Saunders, with the violin, and Mr. Leo Taussig, as 'cellist. These gentlemen have learned the art of sinking the virtuoso in the musician. Of the vocal part of the programme, Signorina Biancoli (who sang and was encored in Mascheroni's "Per tutta l'eternità"), and Mdle. Rose Olitzka (whose rendering of Löwe's "Die Uhr" was very warmly received) call for special favourable notice; and Miss Constance Adair, and Miss Marie Robert, unfortunately, can only be noticed in an opposite way. One is sorry to have to throw cold water, but Miss Roberts already threatens a concert of her own in June, and I do hope she will improve in the interim. The rest of the concert hardly calls for special remark; which is not said in dispraise, for the general level of "Grand Evening Concerts" was well maintained on the whole.

THE success of Wagner's "Die Walküre" at La Scala Milan, has been imperilled by a *mise en scène* which on all hands is pronounced ineffective and ridiculous. With the exception of Miss Macintyre, the principles are also spoken of in disparaging terms, but the Scottish soprano seems to have won a triumph in the part of Sieglinde. Her voice, style, and appearance are all praised in flattering terms, which is surprising, as Italian critics are not noted for independence of judgment, and are notoriously severe on singers belonging to other nationalities.

Herr Cyrill Kistler.



Cyrill Kistler

"HUNTING for a needle in a bottle of hay" might, not inaptly, characterize the operation of searching for a genuine musician among the dramatic composers who seem to fancy that on them has fallen the mantle of Richard Wagner. Especially difficult does the task appear in Germany, where one composer after another comes to the bottle's mouth, is found wanting in the necessary point—to say nothing of the eye—and is thrust back with an irritated groan; until at last people have come to the despairing conclusion that there is *no* needle in their own bottle, and have imported a flask from Italy. But, after shaking it a little to find out the nature of its contents, they are discovering that it has not even hay inside it; merely a clever plaiting of straw (*paglia*) on its external surface, which keeps it from toppling over at once. So they return to their own bottle, and—as good luck will have it—they find a keen and solid needle just pricking at their fingers, a needle which had lain there all the time unnoticed.

What is the meaning of my little parable? Well, it was merely an attempt to account for the strange manner in which his countrymen have neglected Cyrill Kistler, and now at last, after all these years—to judge by the recent great successes of his "*Kunihild*"—seem waking to a sense of justice. The truth is, folk make too much music in the Fatherland, and it crowds out of sight the music that is now and then created.

But, as one is likely to hear a good deal of Kistler within the next few years, it may interest your readers if I go right back to the beginning of his history, and tell them whence he sprang and what manner of man he is. The village of Grossaitingen, in Bavaria, was his birthplace, and his date of birth the twelfth of March, 1848. His parents, small tradespeople, dying when he was quite an infant, he was taken charge of by his grandfather, a simple shoemaker. The boy had a good alto voice, and was soon admitted into the church choir. The village priest looked after his education, both in musical and ordinary matters, and wished to bring him up for holy orders in the Catholic Church; but the boy had views of his own, and chose instead the vocation of a school-teacher. So he was presently sent to a preparatory institute, and here we hear that at the age of thirteen he was not only a proficient on the organ, but was already composing, and even scoring for the orchestra. It is probably to this period, or thereabouts, that one ought to assign his "*Sonatine*," published (J. Aibl, Munich) as Op. 10; for its title bears the words, in brackets, "*aus der Jugendzeit*," i.e. "from days of youth." This little work, of just ten pages, is a thing of which no grown composer need be in any way ashamed; indeed, its first "*Menuetto*" is fit to set by the side of any of Mozart's or Haydn's, while its second—rather a daring innovation for a youngster, to introduce *two* minuets—and the opening and closing movements are quite in the style of

Beethoven's second period. To about this time I should attribute also his Op. 3, a set of very short voluntaries for the organ (published by Böhm, Augsburg), if it were not that one can scarcely imagine so young a boy possessing so thorough a mastery of counterpoint, and displaying so rich a variety in his harmonies.

At the age of seventeen young Kistler went to the seminary for teachers in Lauingen, to complete his training for a like office; and there he spent the two or three following years (1865 to 1867). I find two polka-mazurkas marked as Op. 5 and 6 (*Liebesrosen*, A. Schmid, Munich, and *Nubier*, Tagesfragen, Kissingen); these, I fancy, would about fall in his seminary-period, when the blood was beginning to run a little faster in the young man's veins. They are capital pieces of bright, thoroughly danceable music, and despite the modesty of their pretensions, they contain many original ideas, especially in that most difficult of all things to handle, the last pair of bars in each "period." For lack of external facts to chronicle in this early part of the musician's career, I have selected these three or four products of its inner course, in order to show the different elements of his art that then were contending for the mastery. At this time, had one known him, one might have justly asked oneself: Is it a young Beethoven, a new Bach, or a youthful Strauss, that is going to gain the upper hand? It was the old strife between melody, harmony, and rhythm, and each had the best of it by turns.

His preparation over, at the age of nineteen Cyrill Kistler took up the serious duties of life; for there was no possibility of his eating the bread of idleness and devoting himself to the only pursuit he cared for, namely musical composition. From 1867 to 1875 he taught at various Folk-schools in Bavaria, till at last some lucky chance enabled him to bid farewell to the inculcation of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and proceed to Munich for his own instruction in the higher walks of music. Here he studied under Wüllner, Rheinberger, and Franz Lachner, for three full years at the Royal Music School; but more important than any of these, for his future creations, was the opportunity, so richly afforded by the Bavarian capital, of hearing the works of Richard Wagner. In fact, highly as Kistler still prizes the practical instruction he received from Lachner, there is an amusing little story of the latter's astonished question: "How is it possible that you can be a *Wagnerian*?" and Kistler's reply: "Look here, master, if you had written *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Meistersinger*, and the *Nibelungen*, I'd be a *Lachnerian*." How Kistler supported himself in the years spent at Munich—five in all—I am not in a position to say; but here it was that he made the acquaintance of Count Ferdinand Sporck, the author of the text-book of *Kunihild*, upon the composition of which he set to work at the end of the year 1881, finishing its draft a few months later, and its orchestration within a little over a twelvemonth, i.e. about the beginning of 1883. But this was not his absolutely first attempt at dramatic music, for he had already completed a two-act opera, called *Alfred the Great*, and portions of another opera, *Lichtenstein*, neither of which, however, has gone beyond the manuscript stage. To this I must add that, before receiving the poem of *Kunihild*, he had already been engaged in personal researches for the literary matter of his latest-written music-drama, *Baldur's Tod*, and had most probably, therefore, already invented certain of its leading themes.

Almost simultaneously with the completion of *Kunihild* Cyrill Kistler was called to Sou-

dershausen, as teacher of musical theory in the Conservatorium of that principality. In the following year—namely, on March 20th, 1884—he made his first appearance before the public, at the close of the first performance of his opera. The work was given three times, with immense success, and the well-known Berlin critic, Wilhelm Tappert, wrote a glowing account of it to the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*. But immediately thereafter the composer's compatriots commenced one of those crusades which, I am sorry to say, have been too frequent in the musical annals of Germany, and thereby succeeded in not only driving him from his post at Sondershausen, in 1885, but in getting the doors of every theatre shut against him for nine long years. I will not deny that Kistler himself contributed to this feud, for, stung by the attacks upon his work, he founded a journal of his own, the *Tagesfragen*, in 1884, and dealt his blows out right and left, not always with too great prudence or moderation. But the musical temperament is nothing if not hot-blooded, and it must have been a severer trial of patience than most men can stand, to see the cup of success dashed from one's lips after so long and so whole-hearted a struggle to reach it. Many a man, in his place, would have either given up composing altogether, or would have taken refuge in pot-boilers. But Kistler is made of sterner stuff, and he went doggedly on his way, eking out his existence by giving music-lessons at Kissingen—where he still resides—and keeping steadfastly before him his dramatic ideal. Thus it comes about that, since the first production of *Kunihild*, he has written two other musical stage-works, *Eulenspiegel* and *Baldur's Tod*; but discussion of these I must reserve for another article.

After these nine years of practical retirement from the public ken, it may well seem that a miracle was necessary to bring Kistler to the front again. But a band of faithful friends is often a little miracle in itself, and to these friends—won him partly by his *Tagesfragen*, and partly by his scores—must be attributed the revival, on February 24th, 1893, of his *Kunihild* at Würzburg. This event I must also leave to that other article, together with a notice of its later triumphs. Meanwhile, I may say that there can be little doubt that the melodious and magnificently orchestrated Prelude to Act III.—which he had lately extracted from the work and given a new and independent close—had a great deal to do with paving the way for the full stage-performance. As to this piece, some of your readers may already have been in a position to form an estimate for themselves, since it has been played at the Promenade Concerts last September 27th—at Mr. Stockley's Birmingham concerts, by the Liverpool Orchestral Society, and at Portsmouth, all in November last, and it is also procurable as a pianoforte solo, (published by the composer, Bad-Kissingen).

I must just add a few words about Cyrill Kistler as a man. Unlike Beethoven and Wagner—the composers whom he most resembles in style, and the former in head—he is above the average height, and of a somewhat massive build. On all the features of his face there is force and individuality strongly marked. The same with regard to his mode of speech; there is plenty of it, but his phrases are always terse, and go straight to the point. It is this that has won him many friends, and also a few enemies, for he finds it hard to suppress his opinion about anything, especially when his beloved German music is concerned. But this bluntness is compensated by a large fund of ready wit, and an aptitude for coining the most extraordinary words, as nicknames or other-

wise, most of which he is unable to translate into any other but his own Bavarian dialect. As he has specially allotted one of these coinages to his more particular friends, I will take the liberty of including myself in their circle, and therefore sign my name as

FIDEHBIS.

As a postscript I give you the names of a few of Kistler's pianoforte pieces, which I can strongly recommend to your readers: Op. 17, *Zehn kurze Klavierstücke*, and Op. 18, *Drei charakteristische Tänze für Klavier* (both published by Aibl, Munich); Op. 21, *Sechs kleine Klavierstücke* (Hoffart, Dresden); Op. 48, *Trauerklänge auf den Tod von Franz Witt* (Böhm, Augsburg); Op. 60, *Trauermusik auf den Tod Wagner's* (published by himself, Bad-Kissingen); also, for harmonium or organ, Op. 56, *Sechs Stücke* (C. F. Kahnt, Leipzig), and Op. 61, *Kleine Suite* (Carl Simon, Berlin); and in a more popular style, for pianoforte solo, Op. 16, *Rhonklänge Polka-Mazurka*, and Op. 28, *Moltke-Marsch* (both published by himself).

Music & Music Halls.

CONNECTION not quite obvious, do you say? The remark is unkind, though not, alas! untruthful. Still, things are improving, and if the improvement is maintained long enough, the day will come when the music-hall will cease to be a burlesque on its name.

In order to note the improvement up to date, I spent a recent Saturday afternoon at the Oxford. On second thoughts, however, I find that the foregoing statement is not quite accurate. To be truthful, musical criticism was not the primary motive which impelled me along the Tottenham Court Road on the occasion referred to. It was rather an access of discontent blended with frivolity which led me to seek distraction in this very light form of entertainment. I had sat up the night before reading an exceptionally dry Greek history, and a mental flatulence had been thereby induced which demanded some such relief. But such a gorgeous spectacle met my eye as I entered the building that the newly-bred tendency to be volatile was promptly checked within me. My recollection of the Oxford of former days was of a hall dingy in aspect, and generally suggestive of the country cousin putting in a night of disreputable frolic after his day's labours at the Cattle Show. But all this was changed. Heavy and handsome blue curtains now hid the stage. Spacious stalls upholstered in pale blue had taken the place of the chairman's table and the stuffy red seats; while all around, on ceilings and walls, was the massive burnish of gilt, made more dazzling by the brilliance of electric lights. It was a bourgeois fairyland.

By the time the sense of luxury thus engendered had fairly settled down upon me, the band struck up the overture. It was not a perfect orchestra, but the members of it kept good time, and played in tune and with spirit; and more could scarcely be asked for the kind of music they were called upon to interpret.

A "variety show" is the technical manner of referring to a music-hall entertainment, and the term is a happy one, both in the sense intended and in another sense not intended. For variety applies not only to the nature of the programme, but also to its quality, and some of the latter, it must be confessed, is very bad. This unpleasant fact was poignantly brought home to

me by the gentleman, who first essayed to bewitch the audience with his vocal efforts. Now a reasonable man does not expect too much in the way of voice from a comic singer; he anticipates taking it out in fun. When, however, he gets a tune, of amazing lack of melody, allied to words whose insanity is only surpassed by their vulgarity, he begins to feel that he is not receiving his moneyworth. The "comedian" in question sang of some feminine person he had met in Paris—

"She was fair, With golden hair.
The little Tottle Drove me dotty,"

and so on. I felt angry with that man; he had destroyed my good spirits, and a great melancholy was beginning to creep over me. Still, I hoped for better times, and was not disappointed. After a lady acrobat came a comedian who was really worthy the name,—Mr. Sam Redfern, to wit. His opening song, "Our old Cat," contained genuine fun. So also did the "patter" which succeeded it. But why on earth he should have elected to close his performance with a sentimental ditty about a Cabin with the Roses at the Door, is a mystery I have not been able to solve. Miss Kate James, who made her reputation at the theatres, was the next "turn," and gave a capital impersonation of a sixpenny doll. The wooden movements of her limbs in a doll-dance was as laughable a performance as I have seen for a long time, and did much to compensate for the drivel of other parts of the programme.

But, hearing so much of the recent advance in the music-hall, I was now beginning to expect some music. And it came. It was furnished by a gentleman in red clothes and a face got up (with considerable success) to represent the lineaments of a monkey. He brought with him a zither, and, assisted by the band, played with much feeling the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. It was rather a shock, but, not being a devotee of the New Italian school, I bore it easily. Not, however, without misgiving; for it was impossible to say what might happen next; and when a young lady, draped in black and pink short skirts and gigantic hat appeared, I sat tight and got ready to hear Isolde's *Liebstdad*; but nothing so dreadful happened. She only sang (and sang well) a song the burden whereof was that, "It isn't the hen that cackles the most that lays the largest egg." The only ballad-singing of the ordinary uncostumed kind was from a lady with a voice of masculine timbre, who would do well to take a few lessons in singing, and avoid Irish songs. The numerous other "turns" comprised, *inter alia*, a rather pretty little musical sketch by a young lady and a little girl, called "Cupid up to date," several varieties of acrobats, and a performing horse, whose knowledge of mental arithmetic was profound; but I think the whole affair rather bored him.

It remains but to speak a word of praise for the decorum which reigns at the Oxford. You could take your maiden aunt there in safety. The prevalent air of austere morality positively chilled me.

E. E. W.

HERR SIEGFRIED WAGNER has won favourable opinions as a conductor in Berlin, in spite of the fact that he wields the baton with his left hand. It is understood that he will be permitted to direct the orchestra on one or more occasions at the next series of representations at Bayreuth, and it is then that a decision will be made as to his future career.

Musicians in Council.



Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON, *Pianist.*
MISS SEATON, *Soprano.*
MR. TREDOR, *Tenor.*

MRS. MORTON, *Violinist.*
MR. GABRIEL GEDACHT, *Organist.*
MR. BAYNE, *Baritone.*

DR. MORTON. Good-evening, friends and fellow-critics, all! I am glad to see you hale and hearty, I can assure you; for in these days, when the plum-pudding and the roast goose had made martyrs of us all, it was hardly to be expected that some of us would not yield ourselves a sacrifice to the masterful microbe or the "beastly" bacillus, as I heard an embryo Æsculapius say the other day. Of course you know that I have myself been tripped up by the influenza fiend; but since an organist friend remarked to me that the malady must render me more *influential*, I have ceased to deplore the circumstance. Besides, it is grand to be fed on chicken and champagne for a month, and to have the protection of an imperious doctor from the attacks of printers' devils, the importunities of editors, and—but hush! Here comes the great man himself. To work!

Pianoforte music this month is conspicuous by its absence—not exactly an original phrase, but never mind. "Five Miniatures," by S. B. Schlesinger (Novello), reveal the hand of a musician who can write simply and yet melodiously. All five pieces are charming, the first and last—"Pleasant Dreams" and "Flirtation"—especially so. The "St. James' Gavotte," by Allen Hussell (Sheard), is as good as most compositions in this form, which for another twenty years should become as extinct as the dodo or the great auk. Mr. Franklin Taylor's "Progressive Studies" for the instrument (Novello) promise to make, when finished, one of the best and most complete practical guides to piano playing in existence. In these studies the student will find all that is necessary for piano technique; the fingering is systematic and consistent throughout, and much good old music, now practically inaccessible to players, has been reprinted. The books that have reached me are 42 and 44—on Part-playing and on Repetition and Tremolo.

MISS SEATON. An utterance of Dr. Parry's which I read the other day pleased me mightily. "In this country," says the Doctor, "song-writing reached, in the past generation, a pitch of degradation which is probably without artistic parallel in all musical history. Mercantile considerations, and the shallowness of average drawing-room taste, produced a luxuriant crop of specimens of imbecility in which the

sickly sentiment was not less conspicuous than the total ignorance of the most elementary principles of grammar and artistic construction, and of the relation of musical accent to poetical declamation." The *past* generation! Yea, and the generation which followeth. No one but the hapless reviewer knows what an amount of rubbish in the way of songs is constantly being poured from the press; and I am strongly inclined to suspect that Dr. Parry must be suffering from the effects of past labours in the capacity of critic.

Well, happily the opening month of the present year of grace has not brought to this critic very much of the lower order of things. Here, to be sure, is a very stupid production, called "Two Little Owls" (Williams), upon which G. W. Lago has wasted his efforts. Just read this:—

Two little brown owls went sailing
Under the clouds and rain,
And perch'd on a garden paling
To try to get breath again.
"It's terribly wet," she panted;
"What are we going to do?"
He looked—

But that is probably enough. And to think that this is Mr. Weatherley, too! Happily, in Mr. Williams' budget there are better things. For example, here is an "Album of Fifteen English Songs," by that master of melody, Jacques Blumenthal. The merits of the fifteen are varied, of course, but the collection is cheap enough to make it worth having if only half of its contents were good. Then there is Mr. Gwen Lewis' "Album of Songs," in cream cover, and with a portrait of the young composer that will assuredly "fetch" the fair sex. "In the Olden Time" is a very pretty vocal minuet by E. Walker; and Mr. Meyer Helmund's song, "O Look on Me," is likely to be popular with vocalists. "The Hunting Squire," by Crossland Hirst (Ashdown), is a rollicking song, calling up reminiscences of horn and hounds. In "The Sad Little Lass" (Ashdown) we have the story, in music, by Thomas Anderson, of a maiden who was so little of a democrat that she was ready to break her heart because she had missed a chance of seeing the king! From Messrs. Novello I have a couple of songs from Mr. A. P. Granes' "Irish Songs and Ballads," a collection which has already been

noticed. The songs are "The March of the Maguire," and "Sweet Isle," the music of both being "arranged" by Mr. Villiers Stanford. Mr. S. B. Schlesinger furnishes a capital setting of E. B. Browning's "Unless you can Think when the Song is Done"; while in "Song and Silence" we have a musicianly song by Gerard F. Cobb, with *ad lib.* part for horn or 'cello. "O Harp of My Land" is a patriotic song and chorus composed by John Thomas, the royal harpist. This was specially written for singing at the World's Fair, and, in Wales, at any rate, it is sure to be popular. A feature of the song is the harp-like accompaniment which runs throughout. A sacred song, "Return unto Thy Rest," by D. Pughe Evans, would do well in the hands of an expressive singer, and the same may be said of a recitative and air, "The Lord shall comfort Zion," by Jean Charles. But why don't the composers of "sacred" songs write accompaniments more suitable for a sustaining instrument? If a sacred song is good, it will probably be sung more frequently with organ than with piano accompaniment; and the latter is, as a rule, but ill adapted to the organ. I never hear the closing portion of Mr. Cowen's "The Better Land" accompanied on the organ without being impressed with the fact just noted.

MR. GABRIEL GEDACHT. I have just been thinking how much we organists live upon the liberality of Messrs. Novello. I believe if we did nothing more than play the pieces which pour from their press, we would have a fresh voluntary every Sunday of the year. My present budget comes entirely from the one firm. The "Arrangements," edited by Dr. G. C. Martin, are excellent, and my organ desk is seldom without some of them. Five new numbers have been published. No. 13 gives us that pretty *morceau* "In Elysium," from Gluck's *Orpheus*; 14, the beautiful "Judex" from Gounod's *Mors et Vita*; 15, the Grand March, and 16, The Bridal Chorus, both from *Lohengrin*, and both admirably arranged by Dr. Creser. The latter are sure to be popular now that Mendelssohn at marriages is not so frequently heard as he used to be. Of the "Original Compositions for the Organ," I have here from 179 to 190—twelve numbers in all. Generally speaking, the high standard of this series is kept up in all the numbers. Some pieces are "heavy," and will certainly not be played to any extent; but others, such as Dr. Creser's "Melodia" (181), Mr. Cutler's "Postlude" (183), Mr. Hamilton Clarke's "Minuet" (184), and Mr. J. E. West's "Old Easter Melody" with variations (185), are certainly will. Some of Mr. Alfred Redhead's twelve pieces (188-189) are distinctly good: the other Sunday morning I quite enjoyed playing his "Toccata" in C. The "Benedictus," from Dr. Mackenzie's "Six Pieces for Violin," will make a good opening voluntary. Mr. George Calkin is a delightful writer for the instrument. He has now reached the fifteenth book of his "Soft Voluntaries," which contains no fewer than six pieces, all of which will make a valuable addition to the organist's repertoire.

MRS. MORTON. It seems to me that the violinists are just as much indebted to Messrs. Novello as the organists. Here is a series of six pieces for their instrument by Dr. H. W. Waring, which should certainly be seen by players in search of what is both new and good in this department. They are all musicianly, and one or two are eminently melodious. Within one cover we have "Ten Sketches for Violin and Piano," by I. B. Poznanski (Novello). The sketches are short, but many of them are worth playing for their beauty and feeling. Messrs. Novello also send out an "Elégie and Rondo," by Emile Sauret,

and a suite of four pieces by Arnold Dolmetsch, and five pieces by Purcell are added to their albums for piano and stringed instruments. In these albums the pieces are so arranged that they may be played by a quintet or small orchestra of stringed instruments with or without piano. A second Sonata for violin and piano, by Signor A. Simonetti, comes from Messrs. Stanley Lucas. In the hands of a capable player this work would be exceedingly effective.

DR. MORTON. Here are one or two little books that need our attention. Messrs. Novello's Primers have reached their thirty-eighth number in a most useful work on "Transposition," by John Warriner, Mus. Doc. The power to transpose at sight is by no means the common gift that frequent necessity demands; and Dr. Warriner's comprehensive manual will be specially helpful to players in general and accompanists in particular. I question, however, the expediency of transposing by translating the staff into Sol-fa. Once acquire the habit of doing this, and players will do it against their will when transposition is not required. Another Primer that will doubtless be much used is Dr. Parry's "Summary of Musical History." Dr. Parry covers a wide field, beginning with the Middle Ages and coming down to our own day; and his work is all that we could reasonably expect a summary to be. Mr. Heron-Allen, who is now co-editor of *The Violin Times*, carries his "Biography of the Violin" to a third Supplement (Griffith, Farran & Co.). I have already commended the work; and I hope the violinists will see that Mr. Heron-Allen's is not "love's labour lost."

MISS SEATON. Next month, as we know, the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society are to give a performance of the "Requiem" from Gounod's *Mors et Vita*. It is no doubt in view of this performance that Messrs. Novello have added the work to their "Original 8vo edition." The French master's "sacred trilogy" is now so well known that this separate publication of the first part has only to be noted. Messrs. Hopkinson send out a tuneful cantata for ladies' voices, by Mr. Arthur Somervell, entitled "Joan of Arc." The little work has been translated into Sol-fa by Mr. Charles Webb. Mr. Webb indicates, without printing, an introduction in E minor. But is such a key known to the Sol-faist? I believe that to him E minor is only a mode of using the key of G. It is late to find Christmas carols on the table, but a set of twelve composed by G. Florian Pascal (Williams) may be recommended. Some of the set are exceedingly pretty. A little scena for two singers, entitled "Ballet d'Autrefois" (Williams), by Benjamin Godard, is charmingly written. But why the whole of the outside title-page in French? To his "St. Cecilia" series of two-part songs for treble voices, Mr. Joseph Williams has added a couple of compositions by A. E. Horrocks—"When Mortals are at Rest," and "A Dirge for the Year." A spirited composition, "The Game's the Thing," by Arthur Goodhart, is added to the Eton School Song series (Novello). In the olden times, we are told, they did not back the winning horse, but were content with "a wreath of laurel." Happy olden times! The Church of England Temperance Society have added to their series of Stories with Song, "Farmer Brown's Awakening," by Frances Evans, and "Jack the Joiner," by Rev. M. B. Moorhouse. These may be useful to those who "taste not the wine so sparkling," but I doubt of their power to reform the toppers.

A Visit to the Graves of Wagner & Liszt.

It was in "the lovely month of June" that I found myself in Nürnberg, famous for Albert Dürer and the Meistersingers, for its mediævalism and churches. Having a day to spare, I set off to carry out a long-cherished wish—to visit the graves of Wagner and Liszt. Reaching Bayreuth—the Mecca of artistic Europe—after a very slow journey through some lovely scenery, I started for the Hofgarden at once. The little town was looking very peaceful; few people to be seen about, and as the streets were rather dusty and the day very hot, I turned into Augermann's Café for a glass of beer. Sitting there, the memory of the crowd of famous musicians, artists, painters, singers, and actors that had peopled the rooms rose up before me. I could not help picturing to myself the meetings—not so many years ago—when Richter, Mottl, Levi, and many more used to discuss, in these very rooms, questions relating to their glorious art, and when Wagner and Liszt would be seen going from group to group admired and loved. And now? An empty room, a set of deserted chairs, a crowd of waiters hanging about, and no one but myself as guest! And the reason for my being here—to visit the graves of the two chief figures at those gatherings!

Passing down Richard Wagner Strasse, I noticed in a shop window three photographs. They were hanging side by side, and silently told the whole story of Wagner's life. They were—A house in Leipsic—"Wahnfried"—A palace in Venice—Birth, Life, Death. The three words upon which we hang our cloaks of Autobiographies, whether they be long or short. The skeleton on which we raise a superstructure of laudatory language. The passing summary the cold world thinks of when told we are no more.

Passing "Wahnfried," with its lovely avenue of arched trees, I gained the access to the Hofgarden by a side door almost opposite Franz Liszt's house. What beautiful gardens they are! Thickly wooded, with walks beautifully shaded branching in all directions, flowers, bushes, and evergreens growing in plenty on all sides, with little ponds and streams, like silver threads on a dark background, ever and anon glittering in the sunshine. The gardens of "Wahnfried" join those of the Hofgarden, so passing through a little gateway, and following a secluded path, I found myself in front of the back windows of the Meister's house.

Wagner's grave was at my feet. No inscription is cut on the massive gray granite slab that rests on the ivy-girt tomb. A wreath was lying on the grave, placed there by some fond heart that had learned to understand the dead master, and some "weeping-tree" cast a comforting shade over the hallowed spot. Not a sound broke the silence, save that the birds sang in the trees above, and the wind swung some branches overhead to and fro. With my hat in my hand, I looked sadly at the spot which marks the last resting-place of one of the least understood men of the century.

Transfixed with a burning conviction, with a very real sense of the greatness of his mission, Wagner attempted single-handed to reorganize the art teaching of Europe. Such startling doctrines as he taught, opposed to the preconceived notions of the Maestros, were met, naturally enough, with much opposition. No reformer

ever yet trod a path of roses. The fact that reformation is needed, denies him any smooth roads. Wagner was an iconoclast; and as nearly everybody came within reach of his heavy hammer, he made multitudes of foes.

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, and the din of many voices has been for ever hushed by Death, we are perhaps better able to judge of his deeds more readily than those who rushed into the fight and cried so loud that many who had much to say were unable to gain a hearing. I doubt much if any one is prepared to say that everything Wagner said or wrote was correct—indeed, such a statement would be a very bold one to make; but I also have little doubt that there are few now who would not agree that Wagner's life and works have been of inestimable value to Art.

And here, in this peaceful Bavarian town, far from the din of the every-day world, sleeps the great Richard Wagner, until all will have to appear and answer for the way they have spent their lives.

Leaving the peaceful scene in the Hofgarden behind, I reached the main road by the great gateway nearest the large fountain, decorated with mighty figures of princes, gods, nymphs, and other mystic figures, beloved by the Meister. The Roman Catholic churchyard, where Liszt is buried, is some little distance off, so that a walk of more than two miles had to be taken ere the burying-ground was gained. The churchyard is on a little rising ground outside the town, with the open country all round—a most peaceful scene; the flower-decked graves looking so lovely in the sunlight, that grim Death was robbed of some of his worst features. About the centre of the ground stands a small octagon building of white stone. A pointed roof of warm red tiles, with a small cross glittering at the top, surmounts the whole. A creeper grows over the arched doorway, and two rose bushes flower at each side.

I stood before Liszt's grave. Through one of the windows I could see the coffin, resting on a stand, in the middle of the building, with many of the funeral-wreath ribbons lying all round. Herein, then, were all the mortal remains of one of the most brilliant personages of this century. Sleeping his death-sleep under the shadow of the hill which he and his friend had dedicated to the new art-work of the future.

As I turned to go, I noticed a text cut in the stone above the doorway, and I could not help thinking what a great thing it is if, after our life is done, our fellow-men, knowing the full meaning of the words, can cut over our graves the words—

"Ich weiss das mein Erlöser lebt."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

S. FRASER HARRIS.

A NEW volume of Liszt's letters is about to be published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, under the editorship of Frau Marie Lipsius. The letters were addressed to a lady who was formerly a pupil of the Weimar virtuoso.

AN orchestral and vocal society in connexion with the Imperial Institute is in course of formation. Communications from those willing to join, either as acting or non-acting members, should be addressed to the secretary of the society at the Institute.

A NEW volume of extracts from the works of Mr. Ruskin is in preparation, in the shape of a collection of all his scattered sayings about the art of music. The volume is to be edited by Miss Mary Wakefield, who adds to her distinction as a musician the qualification of being a neighbour and friend of Mr. Ruskin's in North Lancashire.

How Artists Live on Tour.



WHEN it is announced that Mr. and Madame Békfoice are gone on tour in the provinces for six months, how many of my readers, I wonder, have the faintest conception of the life that Mr. and Madame and their following will lead for the next half-year? I cannot plead to absolute ignorance myself; but it was only the other day I was enabled to form a clear and detailed picture of the kind of existence "on tour" implies. When interviewing Madame Fanny Moody, I met Mr. George Manners, who happens to be her brother-in-law, and is not ashamed of it. Now, Mr. G. Manners I know of old, and can say that his theatrical experience is wider than that of any other man I know. He was manager at the Lyric in the days of *Dorothy*, *Doris*, *The Red Hussar*, *Don Juan*, junior, and the *Beggar Student*. These things were neither the beginning nor the end of his experience, which extends over twelve years. He took the operas I have named right through England, Scotland, and Ireland. Then he became manager to Mr. Leslie Crotty's company, and with that has had two seasons' experience of grand opera. Such a chance was not to be lost. I had just heard that Mr. Leslie Crotty was going on a concert tour of at least five weeks—as a pleasant little relaxation after some months of opera—and my readers will thank me for at once cross-examining Mr. Manners, who is manager of the tour, with regard to it and life on tour in general.

In reply to my query Mr. G. Manners said:—

"We commence on January 13 at Barrett's Saturday Popular Concert, in St. James's Hall, Manchester. But don't imagine that is the beginning of the work."

I asked Mr. Manners to tell me how he would commence, supposing it was my intention to go on tour when the summer concert-season commences.

"First of all I decide on a certain route. I draw an imaginary line through some fifty or sixty towns, forming a loop which begins and ends in London. The thing to be kept in view is, of course, the shortest possible railway journeys, and no going over the same ground

twice. The proposed route settled, I write to a host of managers, saying that we will be in certain towns about certain dates. I then begin to what is called *ink in* these dates, that is, they are fixed—cannot be altered—though others may have to be altered to suit them. Well, as soon as we are full, I send on an advance agent. He goes from one town to another, arranging for advertisements of every description—posting circulars to clubs, hotels, etc., ads. and "puffs" in the newspapers—and taking rooms at the various hotels for our party, so that, arriving late, we won't ever have to sleep in the streets."

"Then?" I said.

"Then—we start. Everything is fixed, we go from one town to the next, singing, taking our money, religiously paying our expenses, with the greatest regularity in the world."

"What kind of life is it?"

"For me, or the singers? As for me, of course I'm kept busy the whole time, but the singers have nothing to do but amuse themselves."

"I should like to know how they spend their time, supposing they have a couple of days between two concerts."

"Well, I'll give you a few instances. On January 13th, as I told you, we are at Manchester. That is, or should be, a Saturday. On Sunday we start for Dublin, arriving on Monday. Now, there is no concert there that night, and we'll all probably go to the Pantomime. On Tuesday I'll be busy, but the rest will be going about, calling on friends, playing billiards, and generally contriving to make the time go as fast as possible."

"When do you find time for rehearsal, if you're all so busy amusing yourselves?"

"There are no rehearsals. We sing only once in every town, and have only one programme for the whole tour. The first half is miscellaneous; the second a selection, in costume, from *Maritana*—the favourite numbers from the second and third acts and the Prison Scene."

"Surely," I said, "you find it mighty monotonous."

"Not a bit of it," Mr. Manners cheerfully responded. "We're in a fresh scene every day, and when once you've been over the ground—and I've been over it a great many times—you learn how and where to find amusements. I daresay we have friends in every town we call at."

"How do you travel and live—separately, or all together?"

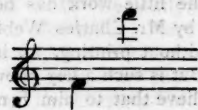
"Well, you see, in our case there are only a few of us: Madame Georgina Burns, soprano; Miss Edith Ransome, contralto; Mr. John Child, tenor; Mr. Leslie Crotty, baritone; and Mr. Wm. Dever, bass. Probably the ladies will spend a good deal of time together, and the men the same. In large operatic troupes little knots or cliques are formed, the women generally living apart from men; in burlesque, somehow the two mix a good deal more. You asked about travelling. Of course we all go in the same train, same boat, and so on; the times are all mapped out beforehand, so that I can tell you now the time at which we will leave, for instance, Dublin on a certain day. Did I mention this tour is more an Irish one than anything else? Yes; we go from Dublin to Belfast, then on to Londonderry, back through Dublin to Cork, and all the bigger towns in South Ireland."

So there my readers have the concert-tourist's life. It is full of change, yet must in the long run prove monotonous; it offers temptations, not of the most dangerous sort, but to frivol away one's time on unimportant matters, while voice, technique, and memory go to pieces. More than any other artist, he or she who intends to

travel from town to town—singing and sleeping in a fresh one every night, spending the time in seeking variety to the ever-changing monotony, always singing the same songs with varying success, never being able to settle down even to read a book for a couple of hours—needs a firm will and determination to resist the nearly irresistible temptation to become idle, artistically slovenly, gossipy and frivolous—the which follies make most of the artistic failures we meet.

A Novelty.

THE modern craze is all for making machines that will enable one man to do the work of twenty. Even music has not escaped the infection. The old harpsichord and spinet makers put "stops" on their instruments, which you were asked to pretend you believed sounded like flutes, or lutes, or doves, or a choir of birds. But that was for the sake of giving variety to a monotonous type of instrument. A similar excuse did not serve the makers of the modern piano, when that instrument, having been perfected in tone, touch, and sustaining power, until it drove its predecessors from the field, was combined with a pipe organ, or a banjo, or a harp, and so on. This was simply the result of the modern craze: the makers wanted to make a piano that would enable the player to do the work of organist, of banjoist, of harpist at the same time. Up to the present they have failed, and probably always will fail; for you cannot combine organ and piano without losing the best qualities of each. This Messrs. Dawkins have recognised. But they also recognise that in many houses an instrument on which a melody could be sustained with one hand while the other was occupied with the accompaniment, would be the greatest of boons. Instead, therefore, of going after the old business of building an organ or harmonium at the back of the piano—a clumsy arrangement, and everlastingly out of tune—they have made a small independent reed instrument of three octaves, which goes inside



the piano, and is played or not, at will, by the keys inside that compass. The machine is perfectly simple. There is room for it inside any full compass piano. It does not in any way affect the piano-action. When the key is pressed down it lifts a "tracker" which hangs down and rests upon the other end, and if there is any wind in the bellows the sound comes forth. The bellows, too, is admirably simple. All that can be seen is a small treadle that stands on the floor, and is connected by a cord with the bellows, which is placed in the lower part of the piano, a tube carrying the wind to the reeds above. A chord hanging from the top of the piano gives a tremolo, when worked. The tone of the reeds is beautifully round, and blends well with the tone of the piano. It seems that a difficult problem has at last been solved, and that Messrs. Dawkins' instrument has a future.

I should have said that the reeds are of "16 ft." pitch, that is, produce a sound an octave lower than you would expect. This is convenient, as it leaves a great portion of the keyboard free for the accompaniment.



Madame Fanny Moody.

WHEN this lady made her first appearance in Liverpool during the August of 1886, taking the part of Arlene in *The Bohemian Girl*, she at once made a great reputation. This she sustained, and much more than sustained, by her subsequent singing and acting in London. She appeared here on May 2 of the following year, as Michaela in *Carmen*, at Drury Lane, and subsequently in *Robert the Devil*, *Masaniello*, *Figaro*, *Mignon*, *Maritana*, *La Priere*, Mr. Corder's forgotten *Nordis*, the *Puritan Daughter*, and in *Faust*. I remember well the enormous enthusiasm created by her Marguerite, and was one of the many critics who insisted that it was the finest reading of the part seen by this generation. This was during Mr. Lago's season at Covent Garden. In *Robert the Devil* (in which she appeared with her husband, the well-known bass, Mr. Charles Manners) she was equally fine as an actress, though the music does not permit the singer to come so prominently forward. And if enthusiasm describes feeling she aroused in London, what word or words will depict what she stirred up in the provinces? It was frenzy! At that time Mignon was Madame Moody's favourite part, and it was as Mignon she gained her chiefest triumphs. No actress or singer or actress-singer ever enjoyed the popularity of Madame Moody during her connection with the Rosa Company when it was touring England and Scotland. Curiously, I just a day or two since came across these paragraphs in an old copy of *The Star*. The date is November 21, 1890.

"An Edinburgh correspondent writes:—On Saturday night last Madame Moody and Mr. Manners sang at the Students' Union here, with surprising results. More seats were booked than the hall would hold. Professor Blackie went on to the platform and asked Madame Moody to sing Scotch songs for encores, which she did, and an enthusiastic Scotch audience, of course, encored all the encores. At the end of the concert the University Council presented the artists with two enormous bouquets. Then the students bundled both artists and bouquets into the carriage, took out the horses, and dragged it home in triumph.

"At the journey's end the bouquet had diminished to stumps, all the flowers having been distributed as mementoes. Madame Moody had to appear at the window of the hotel and sing 'Auld Lang Syne,' then—as a hint that it was getting late—'Home, Sweet Home.' Finally she made a speech, whereupon the students sang 'For she's a jolly good fellow,' and dispersed."

And this is the sort of thing that went on in every part of the country. Mr. Manners and Madame Moody were then newly married, and wherever they went the public made a point of giving them congratulations of quite a royal sort. Without taking away from Mr. Manners his share in the credit of this popularity, one must own that the greater part was due to his wife. A woman will always please the multitude better than a man, just as a soprano is better liked than a contralto, a tenor than a bass. Madame Moody is a woman, and a very beautiful and charmingly graceful one; she is a soprano, and her voice is one of the loveliest—not to mention that it is one of the most artistically cultivated—ever heard on stage or concert platform. On either she looked handsome, and on the former she acted with a vivacity, intelli-

gence, and sympathy that would have "fetched" the public, even if she had had no voice.

Lately, however, Madame Moody has dropped out of the notice of us whose faces are set to St. James's Hall. She has sung little in London—so little that I took the first opportunity of calling upon her and her husband, with the intention of asking "why?"

It is only six months since I came back from my summer holiday by the sea, so my readers will excuse the phrase when I say, that on settling down to talk, I at once took a header into the heart of the matter, by asking Madame Moody "why" she didn't sing oftener for my benefit.

"Why should I?" Madame Moody responded.

This fairly took away my breath, and Mr. Manners took the chance (rather unfairly, in my opinion—but perhaps I'm prejudiced) to join in:—

"There's no reason, whatever, why we should sing in London. Of course Lloyd, Santley, Ben Davies, Albani, and one or two others, get well paid; but you know as well as I do, that by far the greater number of singers sing for just nothing at all. Let me give you an example of the way things are done. We were asked to sing by a certain society, on a certain date. The secretary wrote saying that Edward Lloyd, Albani, and others had sung for them, would we kindly do likewise? He could offer us twenty-five shillings. After consideration we decided to sing for them gratis. Then we went away into the country. On returning, I found a letter asking us to sing in a town a long way off, for £50, on the same date as we had promised to sing for nothing. Of course I tried to get off the gratis engagement, saying that if they held me to my promise I would sing for nothing, but as I would not only lose £50, but also have about £10 for travelling expenses—£60 loss in all—they would perhaps free me. I got out of it just in time to accept Dublin. Here are the letters."

I perused them, saw that what Mr. Manners said was quite correct, and then remarked:

"How does this bear on your singing in London?"

"This way. Engagements are made a long way ahead. As I've said, and as you'll admit, there is no money to be earned in London, and all our singing is done in the provinces. Now, if we engage to sing in London on June 1st, it is extremely probable that on the last of May we have arranged to be in Hull, on the second of June in Newcastle, and to keep our London engagement we would have to come 'flying south,' for just nothing at all. Very likely the London concert may prevent us taking a far more lucrative one half-way between the two towns. So we let London go past: it can do without us, and we can certainly do without it!"

"That certainly explains the matter," I said.

"But wouldn't you, Madame Moody, prefer singing to a more musical public?"

"For my part," Madame Moody answered, "I think the provincial public quite as musical as the London public. Why, you people never hear oratorio as we hear it every day, such enthusiasm, such splendid tone and attack and phrasing! You have no concerts like Mr. Barrett's, in Manchester, where 8,000 people attend every week and hear Paderewski, Sarasate, and the rest. And Mr. Lane, in the Free Trade Hall, gets about half as many. I think music is being killed in London by the quantities of society-artists."

"How is that?" I queried.

"Well, you know how these people live. They sing at a lot of 'at homes' and 'musical evenings,' and charge nothing. Then when May arrives they take St. James's Hall, get one or two 'big' people to help them, fill up their

programme with nobodies, and sell their tickets to the people at whose houses they have sung gratis. It's bad for music, and bad for the public. For naturally people whose guineas have gone in this way have nothing left to support good concerts."

"Ah yes!" I remarked, "I know all about that—exposed it in the *Magazine of Music* in June or July last. I quite agree with you, and think every critic will. But surely you mean to consider those Londoners who would like to hear you?"

"Yes, I do. You will see I am singing at the Albert Hall on Good Friday. I've had a long time to wait, and meantime lots of Americans and foreigners who cannot be said to have reputations have been preferred. And the funny thing is, when we go to America the critics say, 'Why do these people come here; why don't they stay at home? we are quite content with our own artists!'"

"Well," I said, "I'm glad Sir Joseph Barnby has had the good sense to engage you at last, and I'm sorry not to see Mr. Manners' name there."

"Oh! that will come some day!"

Magazine of Music Scholarships.

INVITATIONS to a meeting to be held for the purpose of putting our scheme into working shape have been sent out to the many ladies and gentlemen who have promised to assist us. This meeting is to be held during the present month, and any readers of the *Magazine* who may wish to take part in this movement for the musical education of the people, are requested to send in their names to the Editor as early as possible.

A Printer's Error.

OWING to an oversight on the part of our late printer, the portrait of the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth was altogether omitted from last month's *Magazine*. That of Dr. Horton Alison was placed there instead (page 4), while at the head of the article on Dr. Alison (page 17) a portrait of Mr. T. E. Spinney was given. Next month a lithographed portrait of Dr. Alison will be presented to our readers, and, later, one of Mr. Shuttleworth.

In the January *Century* there is a notable article on Schumann by Edvard Grieg, the Norwegian composer. To a certain section of the musical world the article will be as gall and wormwood. Herr Grieg is particularly bitter against the Wagnerians who depreciate Schumann in order to exalt their own hero. For the "true and genuine admirers" of the Bayreuth master he has a sincere respect, but the "howling horde," the "patentees of speculative profundity" who see the divine only in Wagner he cannot away with. In dealing with this "propaganda of pure conceit," he makes the assertion that a certain magazine article, ostensibly written by Joseph Rubinstein on Schumann's music—in which "not a shred of honour" is left to that music—was inspired, probably more than inspired, by Wagner. This is a severe charge considering the extraordinarily depreciatory statements that were made in the article in question.

My Pupils.

CHAPTER VI.

A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

IN no walk of life does the axiom, "Fact is stranger than fiction," hold good more than in the daily work of a teacher of music. I had, as time went on (by the kindness of one and another), a good connection of pupils, some of whom—indeed, I may say a great many—displayed a very fair amount of musical ability, and it gave me great pleasure to teach them; but a music master, like other masters, has to take the rough with the smooth, and do the best he can with the material he has in hand. This autobiography has to do greatly with the humorous side of a teacher's profession; and if to the casual reader it may appear somewhat exaggerated, no one knows better than the teacher himself that "*such things be*," and even worse; and more humorous than I can ever hope of depicting with my pen or explaining with my lips.

In this chapter I am vain enough to attempt to describe a very extraordinary individual I met with in my early teaching days.

We will call him by the appellation of Mr. Wuntoon, and he was indeed a comical fellow in respect to the musical (save the mark) side of his nature, and yet he was musical to a certain extent, ay, and to a very limited extent; but withal, what he knew he stuck to, and nothing could shake his knowledge. And in this respect let it be said he was consistent, thoroughly and painfully consistent. He had only one tune in his head, and that, "The Fine Old English Gentleman;" knock it out I couldn't. I do not think an eighty-one ton gun would have been successful in shifting it, with such persistent tenacity was it "glued," so to speak, to his nature.

Mr. Wuntoon was employed in a London Bank, and having a little income of his own, he felt he was justified (so he told me) in going in for the harmless dissipation of studying singing.

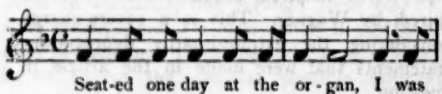
"An ennobling art, Mr. Wuntoon," I ventured. "Have you ever had any lessons yet?"

"No, not yet;" and the young man pulled rather nervously at what might have eventually developed into a moustache, but at the time of this interview there was not much outward and visible sign of such coming into existence. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Tittletop, I was out at a little bachelor's party the other evening, and after very much pressing and entreating, I sang a song, and, do you know, Mr.—I beg your pardon, Professor—Tittletop, they were quite delighted, and gave me a rapturous encore, and nothing would silence them but another song, and again they encored me, so I sang three songs right off."

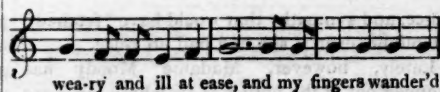
"Really!" I put in.

"Yes, Professor, and as one or two of them advised me to take some lessons, as they said I had a fortune in my hands, and, furthermore, as they so strongly recommended you as being the right man, I ventured to come along, if you will be kind enough to hear me. So I took him to the piano and asked what he would sing."

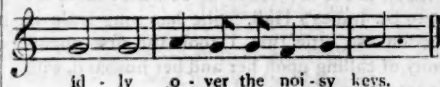
From the inside pocket of his coat he produced "The Lost Chord" (Sullivan). I played the symphony, and he began:—



Seat-ed one day at the or-gan, I was



wea-ry and ill at ease, and my fingers wander'd



id-ly o-ver the noi-sy keys.

I stopped abruptly, gave a little inquiring cough, and drew my fingers through my hair in a ruminating fashion. Could I believe my ears? Surely I must be mistaken!

"I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Wuntoon, but I fear there is something slightly wrong."

"Oh, pray don't mention it, Professor; perhaps the accompaniment is a little 'stiff.' Shall I begin again?"

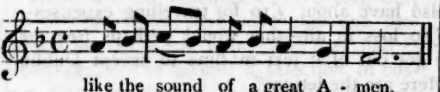
He evidently was quite under the impression that he had been warbling "The Lost Chord," and attributed my stopping to the fact of the music being too difficult for me. I, however, gave way to him, and remarked:

"If you don't mind, I should like to try it again; there was something decidedly wrong somewhere; didn't you notice it?"

"Yes; it sounded a little funny. I don't think the piano was quite with me. To tell you the truth, I generally prefer to sing without the aid of an instrument; I can never get an accompanist to follow me properly."

"Oh, never mind then, Mr. Wuntoon; sing it through to me alone."

And we did, and I can with safety aver that I never had, and have never since heard, anything so "*excruciatingly*" funny. When he had finished, I simply roared with laughter. The *Great Amen* was too much for me; I simply collapsed. Imagine a man with a serious face singing the following phrase!



like the sound of a great A - men.

"Mr. Wuntoon, you're a wag, you really are; you're *quite* a wag," said I, still laughing; but his face was "*clouded over*": he evidently was taking the matter very seriously.

"I beg your pardon, Professor Tittletop," he remarked, "but I wish to remind you that I came here for the purpose of instruction, and not to be ridiculed."

I could see he was evidently hurt.

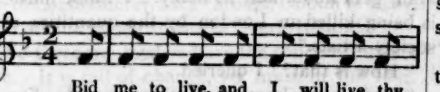
"I can assure you, Mr. Wuntoon, I didn't mean to injure your feelings; but I really thought you were only having a joke with me."

"A joke, Professor Tittletop! I don't understand you at all."

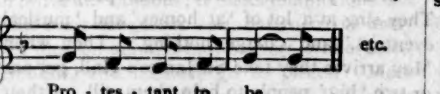
"Do you mean to say, Mr. Wuntoon, you did not know that you were singing 'The fine old English Gentleman' to the words of 'The Lost Chord'?"

"The fine old English Gentleman!" he exclaimed indignantly, "I think you are poking fun at me, Professor. You must know, if you are the musician you are represented to be, that I was singing 'The Lost Chord.'"

And then it suddenly flashed across my mind that there was a very slight resemblance in the opening phrase in the two songs, so I thought I would try him with another of quite a different character to Sullivan. He had "To Anthea" (Hatton) in his pocket, and tried that with the same ludicrous result.

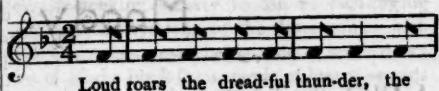


Bid me to live, and I will live, thy

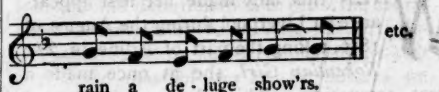


Pro-tes-tant to be.

I then tried him with "The Bay of Biscay." It was no good; still the "*Fine old English Gentleman*."



Loud roars the dread-ful thun-der, the



rain a de-luge show'rs.

Here was I face to face with an enigma, a human riddle. I felt quite exhausted with laughing, so endeavoured to restrain my risible faculties.

"I fear very much, Mr. Wuntoon, that I can do nothing with you," I said at last, after somewhat gaining my self-possession.

"I'm afraid your ear is very much affected, and that any money you paid for instruction would be so much waste; and although, as a teacher of music, I am anxious to gain pupils, yet I see no possible chance of doing anything with you; and it would not be right of me to hold out any sort of encouragement."

I think this was what may be termed, in sporting fingo, "the straight tip," and I thought it was necessary.

I am sorry, however, he was "*huffy*" over the matter, and would have been pleased for him to take it otherwise than he did.

"It strikes me very forcibly," said he, gathering up his belongings, "that you know precious little about singing;" and he abruptly left the room. And so Mr. Wuntoon and I parted company; and once again outspokenness was rewarded with disdain.

A few days afterwards I was round at the Vicarage, and was talking choir matters over with the good vicar, besides other little affairs more or less to do with the church, when Mr. Taylor happened to remark:

"Do you know any one by the name of Wuntoon, Mr. Tittletop?"

I burst out laughing at the thought of the man, and said:

"Know him, sir? I should rather think I do."

"Ah, he seemed to know you; but he was not aware of your connection with this church; and at the mention of your name, he made a very hasty leave-taking, and so I thought next time I saw you I'd mention the matter to you. What is he?"

I gave the vicar a detailed account of the matter, and my genial chief laughed heartily until beads of perspiration stood upon his noble brow.

"But what did he want *you* to do for him, sir?" I asked.

"He told me he was anxious to join a Church choir, and wanted to know if I'd take him."

"Oh, Jupiter! Columbus!" I muttered inwardly, but did not express outwardly, seeing I was in the presence of a priest of the Church.

"And at the mention of your name," continued Mr. Taylor, "of course I told him I consulted you in all these matters, he turned ghastly pale, and left me very hurriedly."

"Just fancy a man like that in the choir, sir."

"Yes, or even in the congregation."

"I wonder what advocates of congregational singing would do with such an individual," said I.

"Oh, give him a gold medal for advertising their inconsistency!" said Mr. Taylor, with a smile as we said farewell.

Mozart's Sonatas, and How to Play them.

"GRANT you," said Bülow once, speaking of Mozart's sonatas—"I grant you that the notes are easy to a skilled performer, very easy even, but in this easiness lies their very difficulty; the phrasing, the touch, the style, all these in Mozart are the greatest tests of the player." But it is not, I imagine, because the notes are too easy, or "the phrasing, touch and style" too hard, that Mozart is never played at modern concerts; but simply because we have lost the power of appreciating beautiful melody—because we like our music highly spiced with passion, and Mozart was too great an artist to spice his that way.

One cannot play Mozart rightly without understanding him, nor, on the other hand, understand him without playing him rightly. How, then, it will be asked, shall any one who does not understand and play him rightly by nature ever learn to do so? The answer is that you must feel your way into his music. Not in anxious, worried frame of mind, seeking to put meanings into it, must you play it, but passively, receptively. Some day you will accidentally play a phrase rightly, and its beauty will be revealed to you, and enable you the better to find out how to play the next phrase. Only thus will you learn to play any music, the feeling of which is out of fashion. Handel, Bach, Purcell, all the mighty men of old time, have to be studied that way; whereas Beethoven and the more recent men do not need it, for their feelings are ours, and we read their meaning instinctively.

I propose, during the ensuing months, to go through the whole of Mozart's sonatas, telling how each detail ought to be played; and the little lecture with which I have begun is by way of excuse. For merely to play these sonatas in a certain way, because 'tis reckoned "the thing," is not what I would wish any one to do, and certainly not a consummation that would make me trouble to analyze the sonatas with care, and write about them afterwards; but if my young readers learn to understand Mozart to some extent, why, then I shall reckon my time, trouble, and patience well spent.

I commence with the sonata called in my edition Number 15, the opening theme being,



I begin with this because it is one of the first, one of the easiest, and one of the hardest.

You may have heard it said that Mozart should not be played with expression, that expressive playing was not thought of when he wrote. That is all nonsense. All music must be played with appropriate expression.

In the opening phrase of four bars, the melody must be sung "sweet and clear," the accompaniment beating gently and subduedly underneath. There is no need for any crescendo in these bars, and great care must be taken not to get a *sforzando*,—a sudden loudness at the shake in the fourth bar. That bar should be played—



with perhaps the slightest decrescendo.

Then you come to a long scale passage, which is not easy. Some teachers say there ought to be crescendo going up, and a diminuendo com-

ing down in each; others, again, say that the tone should be absolutely level. As neither Rubinstein, Paderewski, Bülow, Madame Schumann, nor any of the great players ever play these sonatas in public, there is no guidance to be had from them. I think myself that there should be a little *cres.* going up and *dim.* coming down,—just enough to make the *top note* of each bar the most prominent. At bar 9 a big *crescendo* begins, and must be carried on until you get to the staccato chords that end the first section.

You will note that the second theme begins with a bar of accompaniment, and that that accompaniment is marked *mf.* Now, merely to play the C sharp rather loud, and the next notes softly, will be absurd. Mozart only wanted to emphasise the fact that he had got into the new key; but he does it in a very beautiful way. Depend upon it, what he meant was—



Anyhow, played that way the effect is beautiful, while, played the other way, it is absurd. The accompaniment ought to be absolutely smooth, and the second subject steal in on top, almost, *pianissimo*. Again, the shake will be found rather troublesome. Practise it carefully, not trying to get in too many beats, and it will come right.

At the *forte* arpeggio passages change the sustaining pedal at every half bar, that is, lift it up for an instant before pressing it down again; and play in fairly strict time.

At bar 22 a *crescendo* begins, and is continued until you reach the high D, which must be well marked. The phrase must be continued

thus:—



The next three bars need only to be played in correct time. After the double bar, however, you soon have some rather "rocky ground" before you. Play the first two bars as impressively as possible and *forte*. Then the bass and treble begin to "duet," and you must make them sing to one another, with as much expression as can be put into them. After two bars of this, you get the first bars in the key of D minor. Play them impressively again, and when the duet resumes, get expression into it. I need only give one hint. One phrase is banded back and forwards. Play it thus:—



but, of course, the pause must be of the very slightest.

A little *rallentando* must be made to lead neatly into the first theme, now put in the key of F.

The remainder of the sonata need not be described, as it is, with one exception, the same ground as we have already gone over. The one exception is that the scale passage is extended, and four bars of it placed in the left hand. But all that I have previously said applies here.

In learning to play every phrase in this way

the young player will find that this sonata is by no means the easy thing it looks, and that there is a great deal of beauty not at first apparent.

(To be continued.)

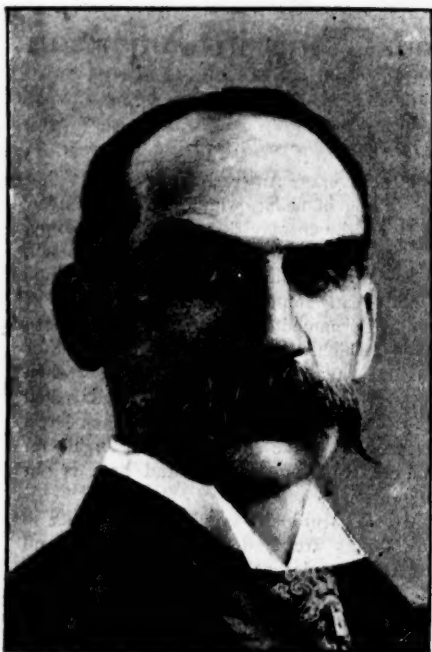
New Thing in American Organs.

THE average American organ is not that thing of beauty which is a joy for ever. To the unsophisticated eye it is dumpy, and looks as if it were ashamed of itself, and were trying to hide in its own inside. Things are not greatly improved by sticking a row of "dummy" ornamental pipes on the top. These opinions, which we have privately cherished for some time, can at length be divulged. For when Messrs. Murdoch, of Farringdon Road, asked us to call along and see the result of their latest endeavour to make the American organ respectable, we at once sent; and here is our representative's report:—

"Messrs. Murdoch's is such a big—place so many things are made and sold there, and so many people are employed in making and selling them—that I got extremely nervous, and felt heartfelt gratitude when a courteous gentleman, Mr. Pattison by name, took me in charge, and, instead of taking me to the nearest police-station—as generally happens when people are taken in charge—kindly showed the new development of the American organ that I had come to see. I must say it is a comely instrument. It exactly resembles a very handsome cottage piano. The blowing-treadles are done away, and neat plated pedals, like those of a pianoforte, substituted. The compass is extraordinary—seven-and-a-quarter octaves—and from top note to bottom every stop is of singularly pure and characteristic tone. There are no stops—small plated levers on each side of the key-board taking their place. In fact, if Paderewski were set down to it, he could not distinguish it from any of the pianos he has smashed during his successful career. If he struck a chord he would at once find out, for not a note will the instrument yield until you work the pedals, and thus supply wind. Whether the bellows is full or not the tone is absolutely steady; but when it is full you get a *fortissimo*, when nearly empty, a *pianissimo*, and all the intermediate gradations can be got according to the amount of wind you put in. The organ is intended for duet playing, or for transcriptions of orchestral pieces of too wide a compass for the ordinary five octave instrument. Before I left I saw a stop only recently introduced—a soft two foot *Vox Angelica* in the bass. The quality is exquisite, and it can be used either as a solo stop or an accompaniment. I also played on a large reed-organ of singularly "pipy" tone. It is intended for pedals, and is certainly much more tractable, handsome and useful than a pipe-organ of the same size.

MISS ETHEL SHARPE, whose name we have frequently mentioned in favourable terms when noticing concerts of the Royal College of Music, seems to have made an excellent impression at a recital in Vienna. The local critics, including Dr. Hanslick, who is not as a rule well disposed towards English music and musicians, speak with enthusiasm respecting Miss Sharpe's style, and also in pleasant language with regard to her technique.

Interview with Mr. A. J. Caldicott.



"I AM very glad to find so excellent a musician among the candidates," remarked Sir George Macfarren, when Mr. Caldicott's exercise for the degree of Bachelor in Music was submitted to him.

Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott is one of the large number of English musicians who received their early training in our Cathedrals. Born at Worcester in 1842, he entered the Cathedral choir at the age of nine years, and was elected to the Dean's foundation scholarship. He had a singularly beautiful voice, which he used with much artistic intelligence, and soon became the leading treble of the choir. His great aptitude for music was apparent even at this early age, and he was placed as an articled pupil to Mr. Done, the organist of the Cathedral, whose assistant he became on leaving the choir in 1856. Concurrently with the post of assistant organist of the Cathedral, he held the position of organist at St. Nicholas' Church, of which the late Canon Havergal was vicar, and afterwards of two other city churches.

Mr. Caldicott looks back with genuine pleasure to these early years of his life.

"One whose boyhood has been spent in such surroundings as these," he said to me, as we walked together through the most beautiful Cathedral close in England, "never loses the feeling of affection, and I may say reverence, which they call up. The privileges of a Cathedral chorister's life are very great in many ways, and to the young musician they are simply inestimable."

In 1863 Mr. Caldicott went to Leipsic and entered the Conservatorium, his masters being Hauptmann and Richter for harmony, Carl Reinecke for composition, and Moscheles and Plaidy for the pianoforte. He also studied the organ at the same establishment under Papperitz, and the violoncello under Lübeck.

"On my return to England," said Mr. Caldicott, "I settled once more in my native city, and established the Musical Society which I conducted for eleven years. At the end of that time I removed to Torquay, and shortly afterwards, upon being appointed one of the harmony masters at the Royal College of Music, and organist of St. Stephen's, South Kensing-

ton, took up my residence in London. I took my degree at Cambridge in 1878, being entered at Trinity College."

Mr. Caldicott is a very modest man, and did not tell me that when he left Worcester his fellow-citizens presented him with several very handsome and valuable testimonials, in recognition of his talents and of his work among them.

Although a successful teacher and conductor, it is upon his reputation as a composer that Mr. Caldicott's fame chiefly rests.

"I believe you are the originator of what is known as the 'Humorous Glee,' Mr. Caldicott?" I remarked.

"Well," was the reply, "I had composed a number of songs and short pieces, which had met with a fair share of success, but I believe my first great 'hit' was made in 1878 with the glee, 'Humpty Dumpty,' for which the Manchester Madrigal Society awarded me a special prize. This was so successful that I have followed it up with other compositions of the same kind, all of which have become popular. For several of these I have written the words as well as the music. To show you, however, that I have not confined myself to the 'humorous' muse, I may say that in 1879, the year after the appearance of 'Humpty Dumpty,' I carried off the first prize offered by the Huddersfield Madrigal Society for a *serious* glee. The oratorio, 'The Widow of Nain,' which I composed for the Worcester Musical Festival of 1881, was also received with considerable favour at the time of its production, and is still, I think I may say, popular."

"You have had considerable experience in writing for the stage, I believe?"

"Yes. During the past ten years I have composed the music to no less than fourteen pieces brought out by the German Reed Company at St. George's Hall, amongst them being 'Treasure Trove,' 'A Moss Rose,' and 'Tally Ho!' The late Carl Rosa commissioned me to write for his company; and operettas from my pen have been produced at several of the leading theatres. In 1890 and 1891 I conducted an operatic tour, with Miss Agnes Huntingdon, through the United States and Canada; and since my return to England have had the direction of the music at the Prince of Wales', the Comedy, and other theatres."

Mr. Caldicott has on several occasions acted as musical adjudicator at the Welsh National Eisteddfods.

"I should like," he said, in reply to a question of mine, "if I had time, to tell you about these wonderful gatherings. They possess an interest entirely their own, and—but you must excuse me now. You know my work in connection with the London College of Music. That is continually increasing, and, with my other duties, leaves me little spare time."

"The College is still flourishing, then?"

"It has succeeded, and is succeeding, beyond our most sanguine expectations; and without doubt the London College has a great future before it."

It is not necessary here to enter into the work of the London College of Music, of which Mr. Caldicott is the principal. Suffice it to say that, by his exertions, assisted as he is by a staff of musicians of the highest standing, amongst whom may be mentioned Dr. Westbrook, Dr. Verrinder, Dr. Horton Allison, Dr. Longhurst, and many others, this institution has attained a position amongst the foremost of its kind.

Mr. Caldicott is the man to command success. Energetic and enterprising, he is at the same time amiable and courteous to all with whom he is brought into contact. His striking

face and courtly bearing indicate steadfastness of purpose, and a high sense of honour. Amongst the names of those whom the world of music delights to honour, that of Alfred J. Caldicott will always take a distinguished place.

WALTER BARNETT.

Noah's Ark.

IT would be difficult to imagine a more delightful and fascinating entertainment for children, and, indeed, for animal-lovers of all ages, than that which may now be witnessed any afternoon or evening at Covent Garden Theatre. Never, probably, since the palmy days of the Roman empire has such a marvellous collection of performing animals been brought together at one time. After seeing Mr. Thompson's elephantine pupils it is easy to believe in Pliny's story of the trained elephant, which, annoyed at finding himself less apt a scholar than his fellows, was accustomed to rehearse his lessons of his own accord in the middle of the night. The gentleness and intelligence of the wrestling lion, again, leads us to hope that some day we may see the king of beasts imitate the performance of a certain highly-trained lion who flourished in Rome more than two thousand years ago, and who delighted the spectators at the public games by carrying live hares into the arena in his mouth, letting them go and catching them again without doing them the slightest injury. It is even possible that Mr. Gladstone may take a leaf out of Mark Antony's book, and drive a team of tame lions through the streets of the capital.

We have no means of knowing whether the animal-trainers of ancient days called music to their aid, but it is evident that the lively and well-marked melodies discoursed by the Ladies' Orchestra exercise a considerable effect upon the accomplished creatures at Covent Garden, supporting and encouraging them in their various feats, as well as adding to the pleasure of the audience. During the breathless interest of the wrestling-match with the lion, when it seems quite uncertain whether the beast or his human opponent will get the upper hand, the music ceases, and it is only at the end of each bout that some solemn chords add impressiveness and dramatic effect to the scene.

The cats and the elephants are the only solo musicians, and, from a human point of view, the latter are by far the best performers. Cats, as we all know, have great musical feeling, and never weary of their open-air nocturnal concerts, but, unfortunately, they care only for pieces of their own composition, performed in accordance with the dictates of feline taste. Mr. Leoni Clarke's clever pussies evidently played under protest, and felt the utmost contempt for the triviality of the music that was selected for them. One specially accomplished cat played a solo on the whistle, and the nearest approach to the "Post-horn Galop" that it could manage on a tiny horn. Five feline musicians were then arranged on a table, each having a string of bells in front of her, and "Home, Sweet Home" was played to full orchestral accompaniment. But the cats, who, perhaps, had been sickened of the popular air by hearing it sung in season and out of season by *prima donnas* and amateurs, took very little interest in their own performance; and each player had to be tickled with a little whip to remind her when it was her turn to ring her bells. The poor creatures seemed much relieved when the piece came to an end, and it was obvious that they desired no encore.

Very different was the case with the elephants. The five huge creatures form a small but select orchestra. The Kapellmeister stands erect with spectacles on his eyes, and a bâton in his trunk, with which he marks time, while the other four play a barrel-organ, a drum, a set of bells, and a sort of accordion worked with a handle. They perform their respective parts with immense spirit, energy, and undisguised enjoyment. Then a soloist places himself in front of a tall stand containing variously-tuned sleigh-bells, and plays a waltz to the accompaniment of the Ladies' Orchestra, striking each note with his trunk in perfect time and with unerring precision. He is certainly *facile princeps* among the musical animals, and the greatest credit is due to both trainer and pupil for the accuracy with which this most difficult feat is accomplished.

It need scarcely be said that under the direction of Miss Lila Clay the members of the Ladies' Orchestra, who look very picturesque in their white wigs and cocked hats, acquit themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience. The musical selections are naturally of the lightest description, but they are rendered with remarkable verve and *entrain*, while the *ensemble* leaves little to be desired. Special mention is due to Miss Clay's clever burlesque of the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, in which the air of "Three Blind Mice" is introduced, and to Miss Cora Cardigan for her artistic piccolo solo.

Indian Songs.

THE January number of *The Century Magazine* contains a very interesting article on this subject, from the pen of Alice C. Fletcher. Miss Fletcher—it is best to be safe and say "Miss"—began her study of the subject among the Dakotas with an Indian dance, at which some half dozen arms suddenly rose and fell upon a drum with such force as to make the instrument rebound on its fastenings, and create fears in the uninitiated listener that her ear-drums would burst! At first it was nothing but tumult and din; and it was long before Miss Fletcher's ears were able to hear in the wild music of the "Injuns" anything else than a "screaming downward movement that was gashed and torn by the vehemently-beaten drum." However, as time wore on, and she observed the pleasure the Indians took in their own singing, she was convinced that there existed something that was eluding her ears. Accordingly she began to listen "below this noise," much as one might listen to the phonograph, ignoring the sound of the machinery in order to catch the registered tones of the voice.

Unfortunately, after the observer had relegated the noise of the drum and the straining of the voice to their proper place, she encountered fresh difficulties—difficulties born of the prevalent idea concerning the music of "savages"—namely, that while such music might possess a certain degree of simple rhythm, it had little melody, the few tones used being iterative, and devoid of thought or feeling. The songs heard by Miss Fletcher lay athwart this opinion, and could not be made to coincide with it; and for a considerable time she was more inclined to distrust her own ears than to question the generally accepted theory. Meanwhile she faithfully noted the songs she heard, and while so doing, fell ill. During the time she was lying ill the Indians came about her, and often sang at her request. They sang softly, and there was no drum; and then it was that the

last vestige of the distraction of noise and the confusion of theory was dispelled. In short, the sweetness, the beauty and the meaning of these Indian songs were revealed, and one result is the article we are now considering.

According to Miss Fletcher, the various tribes have hundreds of songs of their own, and one fact is noticeable, that while the songs of one tribe are frequently found in use by another, a song is always credited to the tribe that originated it, never being claimed as a native product in the home of its adoption. Many of these songs have been handed down through generations; they are treasured by the people, and great care is taken to transmit them accurately. People who possess written music have some mechanical device by which a tone may be uniformly produced, as by the vibrations of a cord of given length and tension, the tone becoming the standard by which all others can be regulated; and a succession of tones can be recorded and accurately repeated at long intervals of time, and by different persons. The Indians have no mechanism for determining a pitch; there is no uniform key for a song; it can be started on any note suitable to the singer's voice. This absence of a standard pitch, and the Indians' management of the voice, which is similar in singing and in speaking, make Indian music seem to be out of tune to English ears, conventionally trained as they are to distinguish between the singing and the speaking tone of voice. But, although the Indians have no fixed pitch, yet, given a starting note, graduated intervals are observed. Not that any Indian can sing a scale, but he repeats his songs without any material variation. Men with good voices take pride in accuracy of singing, and often have in their memories several hundred songs, including many from tribes with the members of which they have exchanged visits.

As a rule the Indian voice is reedy in tone, and occasionally melodious in quality, but the open-air singing to the accompaniment of percussion instruments tends to strain the voice and mar its sweetness. Among men the baritone; and among women the mezzo-soprano voice is the most common. There is not much expression as a rule, but in love-songs, where there are sustained passages, the singer will frequently wave his hand slowly to and from his mouth, in order to break the flow of breath, and to produce vibrations, which seem to satisfy his ear.

The Indian, it seems, does not care very much about the words of a song; indeed, he has been known to say of our music—"You talk a great deal while you sing." In lieu of words he uses syllables composed of vowels, both open and nasal, modified by an initial consonant, as *h* or *y*—for instance, *hae, ha, he, ho, hi, hu*. Songs in which the syllables begin with *h* are gentle in character, and *y* is employed when warlike or derisive feeling is to be expressed. As to time, an Indian's ear is as keen as is his eye for tracks in the forest. A retard occurs only in the mystery, dream, and love songs; in any other a variation of the value of a thirty-second or sixty-fourth of a beat is sufficient to throw the tune out of gear to the Indian. Syncopation is common, and the ease with which an Indian will sing syncopated passages in three-four time to the two-four beat of the drum is remarkable. One of our own race could certainly not do this without a good deal of training and practice.

Musical instruments are naturally limited in number. The Indian flute, which Miss Fletcher tells us is used principally by the young man whose "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," is like a clarinet, the breath going through an

opening at one end, and the tones being regulated by six finger-stops. A whistle is made from the wing-bone of an eagle or turkey, and has three finger-stops, by which five shrill notes can be made. Curiously enough, this primitive instrument is used only in religious ceremonies. The drums are small, like tambourines, and are beaten by the finger, or by a small reed. The rhythm of the instrument is usually a strong beat followed by a light one, like a rebound, although sometimes each beat is regular and equal in volume. Rattles of dried gourds, loaded with fine or coarse gravel, according to the desired tone, are used to accompany religious songs.

If we may believe Miss Fletcher, there is not a phase of Indian life that does not find its expression in song. Religious rituals are embedded in it, and the reverent recognition of the creation, of corn, of the food-giving animals, of the powers of the air, and the fructifying sun, is passed from one generation to another in melodious measures. Song nerves the warrior to deeds of heroism, and robs death of its terrors; it speeds the spirit to the land of the hereafter, and solaces those who live to mourn. Children compose ditties for their games, and young men add music to give zest to their sports. The lover, of course, sings his way to the maiden's heart, and the old man tunelessly invokes those agencies which can avert disaster and death. Miss Fletcher tells us, rather superfluously, that the lover's songs are "tender in feeling, sometimes rising to passionate fervour of expression." The Indian young man would seem to have very few business engagements, for we are told that he is practically serenading his mistress all day long. He begins—

As the day comes forth from the night,
So come I forth to seek thee;
Lift up thine eyes and behold him
Who comes with the day to thee,

and he goes on stringing his verses until "the shades of evening fall."

The Indians, like our Aryan ancestors, believed that nature was entirely subservient to music—that the sun might be darkened by a song, or the rain be made to descend by a vigorous thumping of the drum. There are "thunder-songs" that are supposed to have the potency of not only bringing and dispelling storms, but of raising the ire of the thunder-gods to punish wrong-doing in the tribe. Wolf-songs are sung by the hunter when he goes forth on his mission of death; there are war-songs sung in hours of danger; and there are songs of triumph for times of victory. There is only one funeral song; it is sung at the obsequies of any man or woman who has been greatly respected in the tribe. Music, the Indian believes, has power to reach the unseen world. There are no songs of labour, sung by a company of workers, such as the old English catch or guild song. The Indian sang as he chipped his arrow-head, or dug his medicinal roots; but the music was simply a form of personal appeal to the unseen powers.

Such is a summary of the main facts contained in Miss Fletcher's paper. The writer does not enter into much detail regarding individual songs, nor does she deal with the subject exactly from the musician's point of view. These matters will, however, be taken up in a subsequent article, which is promised from the pen of Professor John C. Fillmore, of Milwaukee, who arranges a dance and a funeral-song for the present paper.

HERR MAX BRUCH has just published a new cantata, entitled "Leonidas," for baritone solo male chorus, and orchestra.

The Composition of the Month.

MR. GERMAN'S NEW SYMPHONY.

WHEN you ask a rising young composer for the loan of the score of his latest masterpiece, that you may analyse it for some periodical with which you are connected, you may place yourself in a most disagreeable position. If the work is a good one you are safe enough, for you simply say so, and quote samples to prove the truth of your statement. But if it is bad you have an awkward hole to climb out of. If you don't tell the truth, that is, if you tell the opposite of the truth, the other critics and some of the public come down on you with great weight; and besides, you have your conscience to settle with, if you keep that article. If you tell the truth you have the composer to settle with. And I don't know which is worst, public critics and conscience, or the composer. Even if the work is "middling" your task is a hard one. The chances are that you "write round" the subject so obviously as to offend everyone. Very often you are reduced to sending the score back with a message that you died very suddenly that morning.

This, gentle reader, is by way of excuse for not giving you some account of Mr. German's Second Symphony before now. I knew Mr. German had achieved some very excellent work; but not knowing the quality of this, his latest effort, and not wanting to engender bad blood 'twixt him and me, nor to deceive the public, nor to tell lies about my unexpected decease, I waited until the first performance of the new work at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, December 16. After that I had no fear. I don't say the symphony in A minor is equal to the symphony in A of a greater composer than Mr. German; I do say it is a work of some beauty, that it is written with grip from first beat to last, that it shows its maker to be master of form and of the orchestra.

I cannot do a great deal in the way of analysis. Mr. German has throughout adhered to well-tried models; the form is regular. Nor can I give a glowing description of Mr. German's "meaning." His meaning was, I take it, to make a beautiful piece of music. Of that beauty I shall quote samples. At the same time, as Mr. German has chosen to infuse a considerable amount of his private and personal feeling into his music, I shall show (to the best of my ability) where these confidential passages occur, and point out any passages that seem to me specially expressive, whereby the reader who afterwards hears the work for the first time will have the less difficulty in following it.

The first movement is slow, *Larghetto maestoso*. After an introductory passage of heavy chords the following phrase is given out by bassoons, horns, violas, and 'celli:

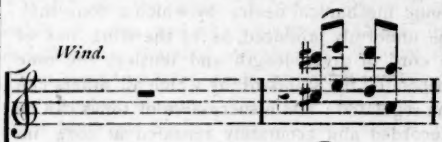


and developed in a surprisingly passionate manner at some length. A climax is reached, and solemn chords on the brass (a progression, by the way, that no respectable pedant dare write) lead straight into the Allegro con

brio. The subject of this is a variant of the phrase I have just quoted:



This singularly p'aintive subject is continued at some length, until another climax (and one of great intensity) is reached; then the violins and wood-wind pitch themselves headlong down the scale, so to speak, and the section is repeated, but an octave above, and with considerable difference. In this part some powerful writing occurs. Note for instance this:



which leads right into a second subject. This is marked *Meno mosso*, and I need only give the melody, which is announced by oboe and 'cello in octaves, with a "chipping" staccato quaver-triplet accompaniment of the second violins and flowing quavers of the clarinets.



Shortly afterwards we get another theme, which is developed towards the climax that leads into the working-out proper.



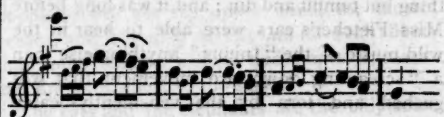
The 'cello gambols about in merry quaver-triplets as an accompaniment, and some delicate tints are contributed by the soft tones of the wood-wind. The working-out and recapitulation I shall spare the reader. They can easily be followed, and it is sufficient to say blending of passion and plaint with which the movement opens are sustained to the last.

The slow movement is an attempt in the most difficult and perhaps the highest kind of music. It depends for effect upon the intrinsic beauty of its melody—there is no aid to be had from rapid motion, unaccustomed rhythms, and the usual bottomless resource well of concert-overture writers. I cannot avoid thinking that Mr. German has made a mistake in introducing his "cantabile" theme by a number of bars termed mysterious by ignorant daily-press critics. Why a passage should be termed mysterious merely because it is very soft and in the lower register of the 'celli or double-bass is indeed "mysterious"; and why all "mysterious" passages should be quasi-fugual is still more so. The Andante con moto would gain by being attacked right off, as I attack it now by quoting the principal subject.



The melody is given to the oboe, clarinets and one bassoon keeping up the pulsing accompaniment, the other bassoon and 'cello sustaining the droning bass. Presently the strings enter, and an unbroken stream of melody sweeps through the remainder of the movement. There are few passages which lend themselves to effective quotation, and I will content myself by saying that this slow movement, not so much on account of actual achievement as because of the promise it shows, is the most hopeful of the work. Mr. German has not shirked his difficult task, nor gone round it by introducing sham dramatic effects—such as pieces of recitative on the clarinet or horn with drum accompaniment; he has endeavoured to write a sustained melody, and has to a considerable, I may say an unexpected degree, succeeded.

A modulation is made from the andante straight into the Scherzo, of which this is the subject:



This is not by any means a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn concerto. Indeed, if I had to describe it by reference to the models of the great masters, I should say it was something between an early Beethoven scherzo and a later Haydn minuet. It has a certain stateliness which is suggestive of the latter, but which is possibly due to writing much "Henry VIII." and similar kinds of music. I want to quote the following, which is a sort of cadential passage that frequently occurs. It has a distinctly old-world flavour which blends well with the stateliness to which I have just referred:



Even more old-world is the trio-section beginning

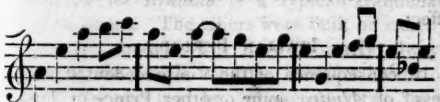


This is carried on deliciously for some time; it is once interrupted by a more lively section in six-eight time (like a reminiscence of the Scherzo), is then resumed and leads into the Scherzo recapitulation proper. This is fairly lengthy, but at last dies away in the softest possible *pianissimo*. I have spoken of the Andante as the most hopeful movement—as showing the greatest promise for the future; but if we are to consider the relation of what is achieved to what is attempted, then this Scherzo must be admitted to be the most satisfactory—not only of the movement, but of all Mr. German has written. But, wrote a gentleman who imagines himself a great poet, “better high failure than low success;” and though I don’t mean to imply that the Andante is by any means a failure—for it is not—I prefer its lesser success to the greater success of the Scherzo in an easier style of music.

The Finale opens with a slow introduction,



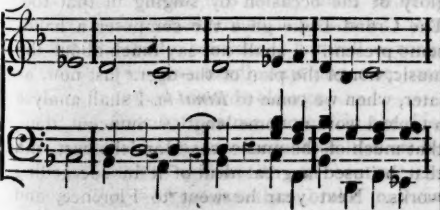
which is developed with great power and leads right into the bustling, somewhat undignified, and a trifling Hungarian, theme of the Allegro:



and the bustling energy only becomes the greater, until we reach a “Meno mosso” section in B flat where more dignity and passion are felt simultaneously.



This is given to the flute with a staccato, busy accompaniment of strings. Presently the latter take up the melody and carry it up to a finely-conceived and finely-executed climax. A long *diminuendo* then prepares for this beautiful melody:



announced by cello and horn, and accompanied softly by the other strings.

These are the materials from which the movement is constructed. In the “working-out” section various conjuring-tricks in the way of

combining them are successfully pulled off, but need not be described; then the recapitulation follows, and the usual brilliant Coda fetches the Finale, and, of course, the symphony, to an effective conclusion.

I began my analysis with a summing-up, wherefore it is unnecessary for me to say more now than that I shall have less hesitation in undertaking the analysis of Mr. German’s next score.

J. F. R.

How to Practise.

“THE FERRY-BOAT.”

THIS is a song of the kind which we say “breathes itself,” and as Mendelssohn has marked his expression more fully than is usual with song-writers, there is really very little I can tell you. However, the following points may be noted.

The song is not dramatic, but smoothly lyrical, and must, for the most part, be sung *legato*.

Take the high G. at the word “blending,” lightly, and make a not too great *crescendo* upon it; but in finishing the phrase make *crescendo* as great as you please.

The lines, “A maiden sits so shy there, as though speech were denied her,” should be quasi-recitative, but go off into the proper time and rhythm at “She soon is gaily singing.” “Hard grounds the boat at landing” is also recitative. The rest is in time, but don’t be too jolly; rather try to bring out the wistful expression of both words and music.

ANDANTE AND ALLEGRO.

Play the opening with all the expression you can, not missing such points as that in the second bar of the second stave, where the four quavers are all *molto crescendo* and the succeeding chord on very softly arpeggiated. In the next bars make the piano sing sweetly as possible. The arpeggios further on should be played with absolute smoothness and a slight *crescendo*, but the next bar in each case should be *pianissimo*.

Many directions are not needed for the allegro. My youngest readers will hardly be able to play it yet, and the older ones may be advised to pay great attention to the fingering and expression marked.

Perhaps the last page is most difficult. It is formed of a kind of interweaving of parts of the andante and the allegro, and what you have to do is to play them into a continuous whole. That is, when you come to the theme from the allegro, don’t rush on too gaily, nor, when you go back to the andante, be too despondent. In a word, try to play the page as if you didn’t know where the themes came from.

THE financial report concerning the recent Norwich Festival has been issued, and shows very satisfactory results. The receipts were greater than at any previous festival in the east-country town for nearly thirty years, and notwithstanding the increased expenditure on account of the chorus and the engagement of M. Paderewski and Señor Sarasate, there remained a surplus of £626.



In the Back Office.

(The JUNIOR CLERK hath discovered that his familiarities cause OUR IDEALIST great agony, whereupon he indulgeth himself the more in them.)

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Well, Boss,—lively? Had any skating?

(OUR IDEALIST sniffeth and answereth not; and the eye of THE CYNIC twinkleth.)

THE CYNIC.—Ah! skating was a swindle this year.

OUR IDEALIST.—Everything is a swindle! (bitterly.)

THE CYNIC.—Happy thought! let’s talk of swindles.

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Hurrah! and cap one another. Jolly!”

THE CYNIC.—Begin, you, Mr. Critic. What’s the biggest swindle you know?

OUR CRITIC.—The biggest swindle I know—connected with music, of course—is the Royalty-Ballad dodge our Live Dictionary told us about last month.

THE CYNIC.—Ha! I can better that already. This is a free country, though the Republican denies it. I believe he’s right. What do you think of a celebrated contralto being afraid to sing a certain ballad, because a certain publisher will not give her an engagement at his concerts if she sings music published by any other firm?

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY.—Do you know, can better that. A celebrated soprano was engaged for those same concerts, and sent in the names of her songs. When she went to the hall, she found songs put down for her which she had never seen. She complained to the publisher. “Oh,” he said, “it’s all right; sing what you like, but you cannot expect me to advertise—’s songs by printing them on my programmes!”

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Where does the swindle come in?

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY.—Why, my smart youth, in asking the public to come to hear songs which it is intended shall never be sung.

OUR CRITIC.—To mention another type of swindle, I was once at an orchestral concert where a certain Royalty was announced to play on the fiddle. Sure enough he stood up and played, but my eagle ear discovered a lack of absolute concordance on some single notes. So I stole out, and got behind the platform. Sure enough, there, on the stairs, was a very well known violinist playing away, so that if Mr. Royalty had broken down, the music would have gone on all the same.

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—In fact, old cock, a musical ghost.

THE CYNIC.—The biggest swindle—

OUR CRITIC.—The biggest swindle—

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY.—The biggest swindle— (Simultaneously.)

OUR IDEALIST.—“The biggest swindle” I have ever heard of is this conversation! (Stalks out angrily, presently to return with a copy of THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. Excitedly) Look here! Some one has been printing our talks; here it is—“In the back office!”

THE JUNIOR CLERK.—Only found that out now, my son?

THE CYNIC.—Surely you sometimes look at your own writings!

OUR IDEALIST.—Look at my own articles!—what next?

THE JUNIOR CLERK (pointing at him).—Here is the biggest swindle we’ve ever met!

Handel's Operas.

THE surprising facility with which round men slip into square holes, and square men into round holes, the struggles of the men to get out, or of the holes to disgorge them—these things constitute the subject-matter of a large portion of the world's literature. Much, however, has not been written about the round men whose good star has directed them into round holes, whose evil star has prompted them to struggle and cry piteously for freedom and square holes. The truth is, the average mortal who is fortunate enough to get into his proper hole hardly becomes aware of it until he has scrambled out. It is part of the tragi-comedy of life, that men will leave, or whine to leave, the work for which they are suited, even if it "lies before them," and endeavour mightily to do that for which they are not suited. Hans Christian Andersen must needs leave off blowing his delightful fairy-bubbles that glow with iridescent lines, and try to qualify as Shakespeare's successor; Boccaccio, the perennial fount of story, desired to be remembered by his useless and tiresome historical researches. Hundreds of cases will occur to every one who has read with open eyes. One that will be instanced by every musically inclined person is Handel's. For it is generally held that as an opera-composer he was a round man in a square hole. Whether he went on with opera because he wrongly imagined that the British Public (poor animal!) wanted it; or, knowing that they preferred something else, went on because *he* wanted it; or lacked the special powers to produce operas which the B.P. *did* want—these are points on which the generality of people are delightfully vague. On the whole, perhaps, the most popular view is that Handel's operas are inferior to his oratorios, and that the public did not want opera of any description. Now, the facts are, that Handel's opera-music is every whit as fine as his oratorios, and that the public wanted opera as much as the lukewarm many-headed wanted or ever does want anything. Let me prove this by giving as brief an account as possible of Handel's connection with opera, of the operas themselves, of the way in which the public received them, and of the causes which led him to abandon opera finally, and commence the oratorio career which was, undoubtedly, in many respects, so fortunate.

The most interesting book in the world is Bozzy's *Life of Johnson*; lagging behind that there are a number of others (selected according to individual taste) which we call "of the most interesting." One of these is Mr. Samuel Butler's *Alps and Sanctuaries*, which I mention here because Mr. Butler is an intense admirer of Handel, and commences this book with a couple of pages of dissertation on his hero. These I wish to quote:—

"Most men will readily admit that the two poets who have the greatest hold over Englishmen are Handel and Shakespeare—for it is as a poet, a sympathiser with and renderer of all estates and conditions, whether of men or things, rather than as a mere musician, that Handel reigns supreme. There have been many who have known as much English as Shakespeare, and so, doubtless, there have been no fewer who have known as much music as Handel: perhaps Bach, probably Haydn, certainly Mozart; as likely as not, many a known and unknown musician now living; but the poet is not known by knowledge alone—not by *gnosis* only—but also, and in greater part, by the *agape* which makes him wish to steal men's hearts, and prompts him so to apply his knowledge that he shall succeed. There has been no one to touch Handel as an observer of all that was observable, a lover of all that was lovable, a hater of all

that was hateable, and, therefore, as a poet. Shakespeare loved not wisely but too well. Handel loved as well as Shakespeare, but more wisely. He is as much above Shakespeare as Shakespeare is above all others, except Handel; he is no less lofty, impassioned, tender, and full alike of fire and love of play; he is no less universal in the range of his sympathies, no less a master of expression and illustration than Shakespeare, and at the same time he is of robuster, stronger fibre, more easy, less introspective. Englishmen are of so mixed a race, so inventive, and so given to migration, that for many generations to come they are bound to be at times puzzled, and therefore introspective; if they get their freedom at all, they get it as Shakespeare, 'with a great sum,' whereas Handel was 'free born.' Shakespeare sometimes errs, and grievously. He is as one of his own best men, 'moulded out of faults,' who 'for the most become much more the better for being a little bad'; Handel, if he puts forth his strength at all, is unerring: he gains the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort. As Mozart said of him, 'He beats us all in effect: when he chooses, he strikes us like a thunderbolt.' Shakespeare's strength is perfected in weakness; Handel is the serenity and unselfconsciousness of nature itself. 'There,' said Beethoven on his deathbed, pointing to the works of Handel, 'there is truth.' These, however, are details, the main point that will be admitted is that the average Englishman is more attracted by Handel and Shakespeare than by any other two men who have been long enough dead for us to have formed a fairly permanent verdict concerning them. We not only believe them to have been the best men familiarly known here in England, but we see foreign nations join us for the most part in assigning to them the highest place as renderers of emotion.

"It is always a pleasure to me to reflect that the countries dearest to these two master spirits are those which are also dearest to myself—I mean England and Italy. Both of them lived mainly here in London, but both of them turned mainly to Italy when realizing their dreams. Handel's music is the embodiment of all the best Italian music of his time and before him, assimilated and reproduced with the enlargements and additions suggested by his own genius. He studied in Italy; his subjects for many years were almost exclusively from Italian sources; the very language of his thoughts was Italian, and to the end of his life he would have composed nothing but Italian operas if the English public would have supported him. His spirit flew to Italy, but his home was London. So also Shakespeare, more than to any other country for his subjects. Roughly, he wrote nineteen Italian, or what to him were virtually Italian, plays, to twelve English, one Scotch, one Danish, three French, and two early British."

For our present purpose this passage would bear cutting, were it not a scandal to destroy the continuity of a piece of such matchless prose. My reason for giving it at all is that it puts clearly two points I want borne in mind throughout this essay: first, that Handel was "unerring"; second, that it was Italian music wherein he, the "unerring," thought his true strength lay. "He would have composed nothing but Italian operas if the English public would have supported him." And though it may seem self-contradictory for me to accept this, after saying that the British public wanted Italian opera as much as it wanted anything, that is not really the case. Mr. Butler and I are both right; the public did want to support him, yet did not because they were, so to speak, tempted down a side street on the way to Handel's opera-house. That, however, we will presently consider.

GERMAN PERIOD.

Handel began his career with opera—not, indeed, Italian opera, but a near relation, or perhaps imitation. Born in 1685, he came to Hamburg in 1703, and "at first he played the second violin in the Opera Orchestra, and behaved as if he did not know how to count five; for he was, by nature, full of dry humour.

But once, when the Harpsichord-player was absent, he yielded to persuasion, and supplied his place, acquitting himself like a man." After producing a *Passion* (1704), he in the same year composed his first opera, *Almira*, which was played on January 8, 1705. His librettist was one Feustking, and Mattheson—between whom and Handel there had just been a reconciliation after the much-talked-of duel—sang the principal tenor part. The opera was built on the extraordinary model called German—that is, it contained some forty odd songs to German words, and fifteen airs to Italian words. It was an enormous success, and ran without a break until Handel's next opera, *Nero*, was produced, on February 25. About the music of *Almira* there is not much to say. Fully half was used again in later works. The score lay unpublished until the German Handel Society gave it to the world. About *Nero* still less can be said. The score is for ever lost, it would seem; but from what is known of Handel's methods, I suspect the greater portion of the songs and airs were used again. The librettist was the same, but he was persuaded to use German throughout. The first opera-cycle (so far as I remember) was written by Handel during his Hamburg stay—*Florinda* and *Daphne*; but the scores of these are likewise for the present inaccessible.

In these works Handel seems to have tried and practised his 'prentice hand before attempting Italian opera in its native land. For German opera of this period is mere Italian opera spoilt. Until they learnt it from the Italians, the German composers had neither vocal melody nor form—in a sense of the latter they always were, are now, and always will be, I suppose, conspicuously lacking. They had polyphony, and development; and it was by using these in combination with Italian melody that Handel made his finest music. I might add that, had Handel not learnt to write songs in Italy, he could never have written such great choruses as "And He shall purify," and "For unto us a Child is born," in which rhetorical design or form is responsible for so much of the total effect.

ITALIAN PERIOD.

In consequence of the "unprecedented success" of *Almira*, some other Prince of Tuscany offered to "stand" Handel a trip to Italy. But our composer was distinguished all his life for a sturdy independence, and said No, thank you. Meantime he was busy laying by money to make the journey "off his own bat," so to speak, and in 1706 found himself strong enough to do it. He first went to Florence, then to Rome (where he wrote some fine music for church use); then came back again to Florence and produced his first pure-bred Italian opera, *Rodrigo*, in 1707. It "went" tremendously. Vittoria Tesi, a pet soprano, who sang the part of Nero, insisted on having leave of absence when Handel was fetching out his next work in Venice that she might share the honour and glory of the occasion by singing in that too. The Grand Duke gave the composer a handsome present. I shall not say much about the music, nor of the plan of the opera just now, as later, when we come to *Rinaldo*, I shall analyse a typical work at some length. Suffice it, then, that much of the music was Handel's best, and that he used a great deal of it in succeeding works. Next year he went to Florence, and almost immediately wrote *Agrippina*. At the first performance the Venetians went mad. Every smallest pause was filled with yells of delight, and shouts of "Viva il caro Sassone!" For at least twenty years the work retained its hold on the public. As in the other operas, Handel afterwards used much of the music again.

FIRST ENGLISH PERIOD.

How Handel came here every one knows. He had somewhere met a nobleman who gave him an invitation, and in the November or December of 1710 he came from Holland to London, with leave of absence from the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I., whose Kapellmeister he was. Part of his fame had come before him, and he brought the rest. He was at once commissioned to write an opera on the subject of *Rinaldo*, and did it in a fortnight. The libretto was written—or at least sketched—in English by Aaron Hill, manager of the theatre ("The Queen's," in the Haymarket), and translated, or versified in Italian, by one Rossi. The hero, Rinaldo, is a soprano, and his part was taken by one of the now extinct race of male sopranos. This effeminate hero is engaged to another soprano, Almirena, whose part was sung by a woman. For reasons unknown, or at least unstated, a sorceress called Armida—who is also a soprano—cherishes a desire for vengeance on Almirena, and tempts and keeps her in an enchanted park or garden. Honesty, however, was in those days, as in these, the best policy; Armida's lover, Argante, who is Pagan king of Jerusalem and a bass, sees Almirena, and seeing her, straightway falls in love with her, forgetting Armida. Then Rinaldo comes along in an enchanted boat with the intention of rescuing his betrothed; but Armida sees him, and seeing him, straightway falls in love with him, forgetting Argante, who has already, as I have said, forgotten her. Armida endeavours to gradually transfer Rinaldo's affection from Almirena to herself by coming before him first as herself, then as Almirena. Rinaldo is much puzzled, and altogether things are in a pretty tight knot when Almirena's papa, Goffredo (a contralto!), and another warrior, Gustazio (also contralto), are told of the state of affairs by a meddler dragged in for the purpose, and effects a rescue. Rinaldo and Almirena meet in a cordial and strictly moral embrace, and Argante and Armida became good Christians and do the same. This is part of my threatened analysis, for *Rinaldo* is a typical Handelian Italian opera. The others were built on exactly the same model. The hero is nearly always intended for a male soprano, however heroic or manly the part may be; of the other two men, one was either soprano or alto, the third either contralto or tenor; and should there be a fourth man—which rarely happened—he generally was a bass. The full and nearly invariable complement of six characters was made up by three women: the first and second sopranos, or a soprano and a contralto; and the third a contralto of ordinary compass, or exceptionally deep if she had to take a man's part. The music consists of an overture in the form made familiar by the oratorios, and a concluding chorus; all the rest being made up of songs and recitatives, with an occasional duet. In short, the old Italian opera is a string of songs, with a story, that serves as an excuse for singing them, told in recitative. And this is my main point in this article (I shall return to it presently): that Handel evidently considered himself a song-writer, for he wrote hardly anything else until he was getting on towards old age.

Rinaldo was the greatest success in the history of opera. Read an account of it, even by those prejudiced against it, and contrast the spontaneous enthusiasm that broke out on February 24th, 1711, with the bought mock-enthusiasm that was manufactured specially for the production of Verdi's *Falstaff* in Milan last year.* It ran fifteen nights, and nine nights

the following year. One cannot wonder. It contained the pick of the best songs Handel had written up to that moment—a great many numbers are to be found in *Almira* and *Agrippina*—and, moreover, fairly overflows with a fiery impulsiveness that must have swept the audience off their respectable English feet. Surprise has been expressed that such a work should be written in a fortnight; but surprise is quite unreasonable. Granted a master-mind full of inspiration, and completely versed in the technique of his art; grant a large number of songs already written and easily adaptable; grant a not-at-all bad plot to inspire the composer for the new numbers; and remember that the scoring is of the thinnest;—why, under these circumstances—with Handel's brain and Handel's already-written songs, and only Handel's thin scoring to write—any of us could do the same!

On recently making a careful study of the score published by the German Handel Society, I was surprised to find that the best songs remain buried there unknown to the public. "Lascia chio pianga," perfectly lovely though it is, is not the finest song in the work; nor is the march, afterwards served up cold by Dr. Pepusch in *The Beggar's Opera*, to be compared with the magnificent overture.* I leave the subject for the present, merely insisting that the songs are as fine as any in the oratorios, and reminding the reader that, so far from the British public not wanting Italian opera at this time, it did want it, and would have it at any price. Walsh made £1,500 by selling the score of *Rinaldo*, whereupon Handel remarked that as it was fair that composer and publisher should be on equal terms, Walsh should compose the next opera and he, Handel, sell it!

Before producing his next opera Handel went to Hanover for a short spell of Kapellmeister duty; but, seemingly not liking it, got leave of absence again, came to England, and produced *Il Pastor Fido* on November 26th, 1712. As my space is beginning to run out, I must pass hastily over this opera. *Teseo*, written the same year, and produced in 1713, has no tenor nor bass parts, but contains some of Handel's very tip-top songs. *Silla* is a smaller work, which Dr. Chrysander suggests may have been intended for private performance at Burlington House, where Handel was at the time staying. Anyhow, no public performance is known. Much of the music is used in *Amadigi*, Handel's next great work, which was produced on May 25th, 1715. This was as great a success as any of the previous operas, though of course the excitement caused by the absence of the novelty of *Rinaldo* was also absent.

SECOND ENGLISH, OR ROYAL ACADEMY, PERIOD.

Without Handel's first English successes there never would have been a "Royal Academy of Music." Before the advent of the German composer opera had been in a degraded state that I cannot now stop to describe; and the interest it now excited was due simply to Handel's genius and personality—to the last not less than the first. In England musicians have always been regarded as a lower class, almost as a lower species of being; and it is significant as pointing to the secret of Handel's power, that he was sought after even by "the great." As a direct consequence, then, of Handel's success with his first operas written in England, a "Royal Academy of Music" was formed with the intention of encouraging per-

ing the boom; if untrue, it was the critic who was creating it—and one would like to know why!

* We shall soon publish some of these unknown pieces in *The Magazine of Music*.

formances of Italian opera at the King's Theatre (once the Queen's Theatre) in the Haymarket. The details of the scheme need not be mentioned here. The very "biggest" people, including King George, supported it; Handel was Musical Director-in-Chief, and one of the three composers, the others being Buononcini and Ariosti. Handel went abroad to secure singers, and then the Royal Academy opened—on April 2nd, 1720—with Porta's *Numetor*, a forgotten work. On the 27th, Handel's *Radimisto* was produced. All the royal family attended; there was an awful scrimmage at the door; and so crammed was the house that people who offered a couple of guineas to stand in the gallery had to be sent away. And it has been pointed out that this was due to interest in Handel alone, for the big singers who had been engaged had not yet arrived from abroad. After this one might expect to hear of Handel writing more operas; but the Directors seemed to have little faith in doing the success many times running, and determined to play a card they had had up their sleeve some time, no doubt. The eighteenth century, especially at the beginning, was a brutal, fighting age. Duelling was very much the thing; cock-fighting, prize-fighting, mutual head-breaking with staves, were greatly in fashion. If a man had a couple of servants, or game-cocks, or dogs, he set them to fight for his own and his friends' amusement; and in the same way, if a king, or noble, or prince had a couple of fiddlers or organists or harpsichordists or singers, they must be set to fight, too, or, as they termed it, compete—though it often ended in a fight of the more serious sort. Well, the idiotic directors having secured the services of the three composers mentioned, must needs set them to fight. A libretto was made—the name, of it *Muzio Scevola*; and Ariosti, a poor harmless fellow, told to compose the first act, Buononcini, a dangerous, ambitious man, the second, and our Handel the third. Practically this meant three operas, for each had an overture and a winding-up chorus; and though the story was supposed to run right through, I shall be pleased to meet any one who has been successful in tracing its feeble and devious track. On April 21st, 1721, the fight came off, under whose rules I know not. In the third round Handel "knocked out" his opponents; and though Ariosti took his licking like a man, Buononcini bore malice, and had a number of friends ready to help in any assault upon the victor. For the present, however, no further hostilities broke out. Handel went on, producing *Floridante* on December 9th of the same year, and *Ottone*—the most perfect piece of art he ever made—on January 12th, 1723. *Flavio* followed on May 14th, same year, and on February 20th, 1724, *Julius Caesar*. The dates of the remaining operas written for the R.A.M. are: *Tamerlano*, 1724; *Rodelinda*, 1725; *Scipione and Allessandro*, 1726; *Ammeto and Riccardo*, 1727; *Siroe and Tolomeo*, 1728. *Tolomeo* was the last work written for the R.A.M. That august body had got to the end of the rope given it. It had spent so profusely that no receipts could possibly cover expenses. £50,000 was the sum subscribed in the first instance; that was all gone, and as no one was willing to give more, the R.A.M. collapsed.

Now it should be noted that all the operas written during the nine years' connection with the R.A.M. contain Handel's best music. They are crammed with magnificent songs, for he went on from strength to strength; and if the oratorios are—which I much doubt—finer than the operas, it is only because they are the later fruit of his ever-growing genius. Moreover, the public went eagerly to hear all. The

* Newspaper readers may remember one enthusiastic critic writing how that Verdi himself was offering £10 for a seat! If this was true, Verdi was evidently creat-

success of the last almost exceeded that of the first. The empty houses, when "the music sounded so much the better," did not occur until later. The theory that attributes the failure of the R.A.M. to Gray's *Beggar's Opera* does not hold water. A theatre cannot be more than full; and seeing that the R.A.M. had full houses every night, it is hard, not to say impossible, to see how *The Beggar's Opera* affected it. No; the music of Handel's operas was fine; the public paid willingly to hear it; what ruined the R.A.M., in the first instance, Handel afterwards, and finally Italian opera in England, was the lavish expenditure on "star" singers, scenery, "real live birds," and what not. This, not the inferiority of Handel's music, not the indifference of the musical public, not *The Beggar's Opera*, was the real cause of the disaster; though there were at this time and afterwards subsidiary causes, which we will presently deal with.

THIRD ENGLISH PERIOD.

For about four and a half years Handel was in partnership with Heidegger, formerly manager for the R.A.M. During this time he produced six new operas, viz. *Lotario* (1729); *Partenope* and *Poro* (1730); *Ezio* (1731); *Sogarm* and *Orlando* (1732); *Arianna* (*Ariadne*)—composed 1733 and played next year. By this time Buononcini's hitherto repressed feelings had found vent. Handel was not the man to conciliate the aristocracy; Johnson had not yet slain the patron by his famous letter to that prince of scoundrels, Lord Chesterfield; a bard was still "somebody," and authors and artists took off their hats and humbled themselves before him in most lowly spirit. We may be sure that a good many of the "upper ten" thought it high time that this independent upstart Handel was suppressed, and they made Buononcini their cat's-paw—and he, them his. It had been observed that the wily Italian had for some time ingratiated himself with "society leaders;" and as they and he were anxious to crush out Handel, a plan was soon devised. The "Opera of the Nobility" was commenced under Buononcini's direction. Most of Handel's best singers, including Senesino, deserted him to join the more aristocratic gang. The latter also secured Farinelli, a famous soprano and great "draw"; and, worse still for Handel, on the latter dissolving partnership with Heidegger, in 1734, his opponents were smart enough to get the King's Theatre. Handel went off to a small place in Lincoln's Inn Fields with *Arianna*, but by December got to a better theatre—the new one in Covent Garden. Here he brought out *Ariodante* and *Alcina* in 1735, and *Atalanta* and *Berenice* in 1737. But the end had now come. On June 25th, 1737, Handel found bankruptcy staring him in the face. Before starting with Heidegger he had saved £10,000—not a small sum in those days. But it was all gone. He offered his creditors bills, and to their honour (and to Handel's) all accepted save Strada—an Italian scoundrel who married his wife, one of Handel's principal singers, that he might live on her earnings. But it is characteristic of Handel that he hung out a fortnight longer than his opponents, who had lost the handsome sum of £12,000.

Let us consider the various causes leading to Handel's ruin. First, the genuine musical public was not a large one—certainly not large enough to support two rival enterprises. With a more moderate expenditure they might have died more slowly, but death was certain. They hastened it by spending on attractions and counter-attractions. If the aristocracy had "real live birds," Handel must have "real live"

Harris and Lago by anticipation, with the difference that both were Harris! Another cause which helped to ruin both was the constant fighting between the various singers. I have previously mentioned how a triangular "mill" was arranged between Handel, Ariosti, and Buononcini. In the same way the "admirers" of Cuzzoni and Faustina backed and encouraged their respective favourites, until the opera became a boxing-ring, for other singers were played off against one another in similar fashion. If one sang, his admirers cheered lustily, while the admirers of the other just as lustily hissed and howled. Fights were not infrequent; and it is not surprising that people who wanted to hear music stayed away from opera altogether. This fighting atmosphere, in fact, killed opera in this country. But for that Handel would have won in the end. By securing more popular singers, the better theatre, perhaps better scenery, and the support of all the tag, rag and bobtail of the aristocracy, his opponents drew away his audiences for a time. But his personal popularity was undiminished; the favourite numbers in the much-maligned *Beggar's Opera* were his music; and although the "special attractions" of the aristocratic show drew away many a half-guinea which might have helped Handel, yet he had only to perform an oratorio to draw a crowded house. His personal grip of the public was as tight as ever: people came when not seduced to the wrong place; and although I have said that Italian opera was hopelessly broken by the cockfighting atmosphere around it, yet I sometimes believe that if Handel could have afforded to carry on the war for a couple of years after opposition had ceased, he might have overcome the prejudice, gone on writing operas, and—we would be minus *The Messiah*, *Samson*, and the rest of "the mighty chain."

Providence, however, had arranged otherwise. After the collapse in 1737 Handel himself collapsed. He was struck by paralysis, and had to try the waters at Aix-la-Chapelle. These did him so much good that he was back again the same year to make a last attempt with opera.

LAST OPERA PERIOD.

The King's Theatre being now vacant, Handel opened there on January 7th, 1738, with a most magnificent opera, *Faramond*. But the public did not come, and in his next work, *Serse* (*Xerxes*), he tried whether a comic man would fetch them. But evidently a strong prejudice had been conceived against opera of any sort, and not even the godlike gift of humour could dispel it. Besides, the humour of "Xerxes" is a trifle heavy. So Handel fell back upon cantatas with chorus—the St. Cecilia Ode, *L'Allegro*, and so on—before making a last attempt with opera. *Imeneo*, played in 1740, was an operetta merely; *Deidamia*, brought out in the same year, was his last opera. He was now convinced that oratorio was for him the line of least resistance; so he abandoned opera after composing about forty.

SUMMING UP.

He was wise. The sun of Italian opera had for the time being set. In the shadow of the ensuing night Handel's operas were lost sight of; and before a new and unprejudiced generation had arisen, the labours of Gluck had rendered them hopelessly antiquated. I say Handel was wise, and I mean from the point of view of worldly prosperity and peace of mind. By setting stories from the Bible he opened up ground where none had been before, where he had no competitor, where the desire for cockfighting had not yet penetrated; and he more-over hooked himself upon the growing religious

tendency of the English people. Hence he has come to be regarded as the choral writer and religious composer *par excellence*. Nevertheless, I assert that the instinct which led him to write songs all his life was true; that Handel is one of, if not the greatest song-writer in the world. It is well that we should have "He shall purify," "Behold the Lamb of God," "Worthy is the Lamb," the "Hailstone Chorus," and the Bacchanalian Chorus in *Felshazzar*; it is not well that these glories should blind us to the more perfect beauties of his songs. Great as are Handel's choruses, he has a rival in Bach; but he has no rival as a song-writer. A generation later Mozart touched him close. Later, again, Schubert nearly equalled him; but the songs, the hundreds of songs, that Handel left in his operas are as much greater than the songs of Mozart and Schubert as Handel was greater than those men.

J. F. R.

The London College of Music.

THE recent December examinations of the College again proved the popularity of the system it employs for testing the progress of the thousands who study music in the kingdom. A large increase in the number of candidates entered was recorded, as compared with the corresponding period in 1892. Examinations in the theory of music for the Certificates and Diplomas were held on December 5th, in London, Dublin, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Cardiff, Edinburgh, and at the other large cities and towns in the United Kingdom; as well as the smaller centres. Besides the certificates in various grades, these examinations in the theory of music were for the higher diplomas of Associate and Licentiate; the work for the latter examination including Harmony, Counterpoint, Fugue, Canon, Form, and Orchestration; and is available only for those whose "Exercises" had been previously accepted: a requirement which most candidates find a difficulty in overcoming. During the whole of December, and even in January, examinations in Pianoforte, Organ, and Violin playing, and other instruments, and in Singing, were held in London, Manchester, Cardiff, Southampton, Leeds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Birmingham, Liverpool, Blackburn, Ramsgate, Torquay, Bristol, Shrewsbury, Blackpool, Dublin, Wexford, Edinburgh, Belfast, Berwick, Greenock, Kilmarnock, Bedford, Burton-on-Trent, Carmarthen, Darwen, Salisbury, and a great many others of the 350 centres at which the College examinations are held. At Manchester there were nearly 300 candidates for the practical and theoretical examinations. The examiners were Dr. W. J. Westbrook, Dr. C. G. Verrinder, Dr. Horton Allison, Mr. A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac. Cantab., Dr. F. J. Karn, Mr. F. Atkins, Mus. Bac. Oxon., Mr. Seymour Smith, Mr. Harry Dancey, F.C.O., Mr. T. S. Tearne, Mus. Bac. Oxon, Dr. Spark, Dr. Orlando Mansfield, and Mr. George Bard, L. Mus. L.C.M.

The examinations are under the directorship of Mr. G. Augustus Holmes.

The educational work of the College is now being carried on with energy, the Spring term having commenced on the 15th January. In connection with this department of the College work, two open scholarships, open to all British subjects, will shortly be competed for, and names should be sent in to the Secretary, Mr. T. Weekes Holmes. There are three Exhibitions open to students of the College, which will be competed for at Easter. Popular Evening Classes in Pianoforte and Violin playing, in Singing and Harmony, are held weekly, and an Operatic Class under Mr. Albert Henning. The list of Professors includes well-known London musicians, the whole being directed by the Principals, Mr. A. J. Caldicott and Dr. F. J. Karn.

The Royal College of Critics.

SOME little time ago some one supposed that some one else had supposed that a second some one else had suggested that a sort of College of Journalists could be formed for the purpose of granting diplomas to competent men, and also for compelling all newspapers to employ none but diploma-holders. Some one else number one was mightily indignant, some one else number two more so, while some one was as indignant with them for being indignant. They all three got in a frightful tangle; all three wrote letters to the press; and any one who read those letters speedily became as muddled as the writers. I spent an evening trying to untie the knot, and then went to bed, and before awaking next morning, had achieved what some one had supposed that some one else had supposed that a second some one else had suggested—only my scheme was for no one but musical critics. Here is the whole story:—

It was done. We had formed a Royal College of Musical Critics, and had passed a bill preventing newspapers from employing any one who did not hold our certificates. And after much howling, all the London critics faced the fact that they had to come to us, pay their fees, sit for our examination, and, if successful, pay more fees, take their certificates, and go home and resume their occupations in peace. They had first to sit for the Associateship, and afterwards for the Fellowship. The first entitled them to write for the evening or society papers, the second for the great dailies and respectable weeklies. The examination fee in each case was two guineas, and the diploma fee the same. The examination was divided into two parts: theoretical and practical. It was, of course, all paper work.

Before giving a specimen of the papers set, allow me to mention briefly why the college was instituted. In a word, it was to find me employment. For some time I had been an "out-o'-work," and seeing the enormous success of a college connected with another branch of the musical art, I determined to be lifted on the shoulders of my fellows in a similar way. Getting a few friends and acquaintances together, I put it to them that if we started this College of Critics we would be benefited in several ways. First, we would each draw a small salary; second, we would get a share of the examination and certificate fees; third, we would loom large in the eyes of the public; and lastly, we would have our choice of the most remunerative posts, for if any one threatened to compete, we would pluck him when he came to us to qualify, or withdraw his certificate if he had already done so. The scheme was hailed with enthusiasm. I was appointed secretary, another of us treasurer, and the rest were consoled with promises of engagements to act as examiners. By posing as Friends of Pure Art, we soon had our little bill passed; and as I have said, the critics had to sit for our first examination. The door was opened, in they trooped, and presently were engaged in unravelling the mysteries of the theory paper. Here it is:—

Royal College of Musical Critics.

EXAMINATION FOR ASSOCIATESHIP.
JANUARY, 2000.

Theoretical work away from concert room.

N.B.—The time allowed for this paper is three hours and a half, from 2.30 to 6 p.m.

(1) State your reasons for believing musical criticism to be a moral occupation or the reverse.

(2) Give briefly what you consider the necessary qualifications for a critic.

(3) What is meant by the critic's "duty to the public"?

(4) Who was the first musical critic?

(5) Who was the second?

(6) Give dates of the birth of Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, and John Smith.

(7) Show how the conquests of Alexander affected Samuel Sebastian Wesley in composing his great anthems.

(8) What is the connection between Noah's ark and consecutive fifths?

(9) Show how the critic may be biased—first, by what he has just had for dinner; second, by the fact that the singer he is criticising is (a) his wife; (b) his mother-in-law; (c) a friend he dislikes; (d) a friend he likes; (e) a mortal enemy; (f) his sweetheart; (g) himself.

On seeing the paper five critics fainted and were removed. Others had a great deal of trouble at first; but, after pulling vigorously at flasks which they had concealed, they got on better, though they were unable to walk home. Seventeen finished the examination. Of these we passed five. My readers will doubtless be gratified by a sight of some of the answers, so I herewith give some specimens without saying whether the writers passed or not. It must be remembered that they are only specimens, and are taken more or less at random from the complete papers, but the numbers of the questions are given for the reader's convenience.

The first was signed *Nonsensical Mews*.

(1) In answer to our learned colleague's question, whether musical criticism is moral or not, we will instruct him. Plato would not allow music to be taught at all, whereas Aristotle regarded the teaching of it as part of the education of every gentleman, and was heard to say, after drinking the cup of hemlock at Rome, that he wished he had learned the banjo. This, we are sure, will make the matter clear.

(2) Every critic should undoubtedly be qualified, though we don't know one who is.

(6) Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner were born last century. The date of John Smith's birth is Jan. 15th, 1704.

(9) A critic never hears music directly after dinner, Somnus generally entralling him in his ruddy grasp during that period. A critic should be afraid to have friends, and singers are afraid to have enemies; if his *fiancée* is singing, he may give her a good word!

Atlas wrote:—

(1) As I was walking down to St. James's Hall, a messenger-boy ran head-first into me, spilling me on the pavement. There, I thought, if that boy had no occupation, he would not have committed that sin. It is obvious, therefore, that if an occupation is even indirectly the cause of sin, it is immoral, and that is the word I would apply to musical-criticism as an occupation. In my case, however, it is an amusement and perfectly right.

(2) There is *one* only qualification necessary, plenty of cheek. A useful adjunct is absolute deafness.

(3) The critic's duty to the public means an excuse for slating some one he dislikes.

(4) I am—

(5) There is no second to me.

The Daily Thunderer:—

(6) The Salzburg master was born about mid-eighteenth century; the Bonn master in 1770; the so-called Meister, the creator of organized noises, early this century—how one wishes the date were situate early last century; of John Smith's there is such a corrugated multiplicity of conglomerated specimens that one dare not assign a period.

(8) The animals are said to have gone into the ark two by two—that is, in consecutive seconds, whereas "consecutive fifths" means five by five.

Venus:—

(7) The conquests of Alexander affect me like brown hills shimmering in the burning evening sun, while Wesley's great anthems affect me like brown

hills lying on top of me. Perhaps Wesley had to read about Alexander in the original Greek, which made him the dull boy he was.

(9) The tone of criticism is entirely determined by feelings of friendship, hate, love and cash; wherefore you may learn that praise always flows more freely than blame from my pen, if my friend, wife, sweetheart or self is singing, while the opposite holds in the case of my mother-in-law and mortal enemies.

All this kind of thing we felt to be very charming, but had now to get on to the practical examination. We engaged Paderewski, who played behind a screen, the programme being the following:—

(1) Sonata, No. 7 Beethoven.

(2) Prelude and Fugue, No. 1
(from the Forty-eight) Bach.

(3) Suite Handel.

(4) Rhapsody Liszt.

(5) Fantasia by an unknown Composer.

(6) We asked him to smite the keys with the palm of his hands, to use his elbows freely, and finally, to sit on the key-board.

I append no names to the samples of criticism which, in accordance with our directors, were sent in. Here is one:—

The programme was a vulgar one, as for the player the less said about him the better; the humblest student from any of our great colleges could have done better. We advise him to take lessons from some competent master. While most of the pieces were, as we have remarked, vulgar, we made an exception in favour of the last, which contained a number of discords resolved with great ingenuity. We do not remember hearing it, but the contrapuntal devices which it displays and the splendid ending reminds us of the style of Dr. —'s oratorio, that he composed for his Mus. Doc. degree.

A second was:—

Even my customary repast of carrots and cold water failed to sustain me against the boredom of this rite. Beethoven, Bach, and Handel heaped on top of each other, like fish in a fishmonger's shop, was especially repulsive to me who eat no flesh, fowl, nor even good red herring, but live upon the food nature provides for her elect. The redeeming feature was the fifth piece. It did not worry one by its form, for it had none; nor was there any melody, nor development, nor counterpoint, to make me wish these things had never been invented. The player, of course, was Paderewski—no one else in the market is capable of smashing so many strings at a blow—and the last composition on the programme was his own latest Polish Fantasia.

We passed him. Not, however, the writer of this:—

The first item we must candidly confess to our ignorance of. But the second and third were obviously some students' attempts at music "in the olden style." Our younger composers should study the works of Smart and Wesley, our greatest masters of music, and they will never get misled this way. Those dreary fugues, and answers and what not—how they weary the soul! The genuine old masters did not write thus. Bach would never have answered his subject at the third, fourth, and even sixth, in the way that happened in the second item. The final number was a notable example of Wagner's penchant for organising noises and skill in doing it.

Only one passed. We arranged a grand affair in St. James's Hall, and I had made a great speech, which aroused every one to fury, and I had just called on *Atlas* to come forward (with his two guineas) for his diploma, when the platform gave way underneath me, and I fell, fell, at least a hundred thousand miles, I should think, and landed flat on my back—in bed, of course.

THE popularity of Smetana's operas is rapidly increasing in Germany, "Die verkaufte Braut" and "Der Kuss" being equally successful wherever they have been produced.

Mr. George Grossmith's New Sketches.



ON Saturday, January 6th, Mr. Grossmith gave a farewell entertainment at St. James's Hall before departing for his second tour in America. We do not now-a-days very often have the opportunity of listening to this humorist's "excellent fooling in London," therefore it was no wonder that in spite of the uninviting weather a large audience had assembled to greet him. The programme consisted of two new sketches, "The Art of Entertaining," and "How I Discovered America," as well as humorous illustrations and imitations. In the first part Mr. Grossmith enlarged upon the difficulties and drawbacks of the art of entertaining, both public and private. After some not undeserved strictures upon the hostess, who spoils her otherwise successful party by making her guests break off the flow of their conversation in order to listen to a young man reciting an original poem called "The Pool of Blood," and upon the country-house host who insists on mapping out every minute of his guests' time, and forces them willy-nilly to fall in with the arrangements that have been made for their amusement, he goes on to give a burlesque account of some of his own experiences upon tour.

He relates that in one of his sketches he introduced an imitation of a duet from Zampa as played by two supposititious Miss Joneses at a bazaar, the players being from a beat to a bar apart throughout the performance. In a certain provincial town he describes how an old gentleman called upon him and begged that the duet might be left out, as there were two ladies named Jones in the town who played the piece in question, and not in the most correct fashion. The old gentleman is anything but relieved upon being assured that the imaginary players' name shall be changed to Smith, for it turns out that his own name is Smith, and that he has two daughters who play the duet from "Zampa," even worse than the Miss Joneses. Then there is the gushing lady who called upon Mr. Grossmith, though she was in mortal dread lest he should "take her off," to beg that he will sing his *chef d'œuvre*, "Daisy, Daisy." In vain he assured her that he has no connection with the "bicycle made for two"; he was obliged to give the required promise, but he took his revenge by transposing "Daisy" into the minor key, and arranging her in Schumannesque style. It need scarcely be said that none of the audience recognised the popular favourite under this disguise.

After an imitation of a Scotch song, which he wrote "to oblige," Mr. Grossmith went on to narrate how in Canada he was asked to give half his entertainment in French and half in

English, in order to promote a good understanding between the two nationalities. Here Mr. Grossmith gave an admirable illustration of a performance with which he intends to delight the Canadians on his next visit, which is nothing less than the words of the "Marseillaise" fitted to the tune of "Rule Britannia," followed by the words of "Rule Britannia" wedded to the air of the "Marseillaise." This was one of the best bits of the first part, which was further enlivened by a song recounting the horrors of "The Dismal Dinner-Party," and some Speech Day Jubilee Choruses by school-boys and schoolmasters.

In "How I Discovered America," Mr. Grossmith describes the feelings of pride and patriotism that were aroused in his breast by the fact that the first sounds that greeted his ears when he stepped upon American soil were "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" on a barrel-organ. He says that he found society in New York much the same as society in London, except that at evening parties the Americans do not talk while music is going on. He reminded his hearers how at London parties, even in the best society, it is the custom for the guests to talk during the performance of good music. But the New Yorkers, he repeated, never talk while music is going on—they shout! A smartly written song illustrates the successful career of the True American Girl who refused five baronets, a lord, and a penniless earl, and after becoming engaged to a duke "for fun," throws his grace over, and ends in marrying the marquis, his son.

A clever sketch of the American variety play, in which tragedy, comedy, melodrama, farce, and music-hall turns are all mixed up together, was followed by an imitation of Paderewski, which enraptured the audience. Mr. Grossmith, after assuring us that the skit was not only permitted but suggested by the great pianist, sang a song called the "Paderewski Craze," in which he describes how when

"Paderewski went to the States,
To earn the mighty dollar;
His luggage consisted of a Steinway grand,
Long hair, and a turn-down collar."

Very soon he made his reputation, and won the hearts of all the American ladies, so that at last the Paderewski craze became a terrible madness. It is certainly not for Englishwomen to laugh at their Yankee sisters on the score of the Paderewski mania, for Mr. Grossmith tells us that though he has seen four hundred American ladies walk past a green-room door in single file in order to catch a glimpse of their hero, he never saw the concert platform besieged and carried by storm. It is satisfactory to learn from a personal friend of the pianist's, that—

"When Paderewski left the States,
He had made sufficient dollars
To buy a thousand Steinway grands,
And a million turn-down collars."

At the conclusion of the song, Mr. Grossmith knotted his handkerchief, tucked it into his collar, and let the ends hang loose. Then he rumpled his hair, assumed a soulful expression, and played the minuet in G. In response to rapturous applause, he bowed in the jerky manner peculiar to Paderewski, and contrived, by the aid of the loose tie and the tragic expression, to give to his features a grotesque resemblance to those of the Polish pianist.

The best item in the third part was a capital skit upon the drawing-room ballad called, "The Same Old Song." In this the singer complains of the prevalence in fashionable ditties of "the same old stile" on which rustic lovers sit, "balancing each other with a loving smile"; the same old moon, which is always being

warbled to a dismal old tune; the same old brook, where, if you took the trouble to look, "you'd find in place of fishes, tin cans and broken dishes"; and lastly, the same goodbye, "the same old bye, you sing it with a tremolo, and people cry." This bit of satire especially appeals to the musical critics who are compelled to glance through drawing-room songs and attend ballad concerts.

The entertainment wound up with an imitation of the performance of nigger minstrels at the seaside. The piano was turned into a banjo for the nonce by the simple device of laying a sheet of paper on the strings, and the minstrel warbled of his love for Dinah "on the banks of the old Fiji," the tender strains being interrupted from time to time by quarrels with the little vulgar boys, who were supposed to form a disturbing element in the audience.

Nikita in St. Petersburg.

JANUARY 18TH, 1894.

FIVE years ago this gay capital was visited by Miss Nikita. Her concerts were given in the "Hall of the Nobility," and the splendid orchestra that accompanied her in her selections of song was directed by the master hand of the illustrious Rubinstein. The young girl of former years has now returned to St. Petersburg, and when the Directeur de l'Opera announced the engagement of Miss Louise Nikita for a series of ten special representations, it required only one day before every ticket for the whole number of performances was subscribed for. This, too, notwithstanding the prices of admission to all parts of the Opera House were increased more than double the regular scale.

On Christmas night Miss Nikita made her *debut* in the rôle of Marguerite in "Faust." As a compliment to her audience, the American *artiste* sang the entire part in the language of the country, and the ovations following were so often repeated that the prima donna was detained in the theatre until after 2 a.m. Miss Nikita is the first and only American who has ever sung an opera in the Russian tongue. As a further mark of appreciation, the happy singer was made the recipient of a solid silver wreath. The young *diva's* next *debut* was made in Verdi's lyric opera, "Rigoletto," in the rôle of Gilda. Her rendition of the "Caro nome" aria in the second act was one of the most superb examples of vocalization that has been heard here since the distant winter when Mme. Patti delighted the inhabitants of the White Czar's city with her brilliant voice. The third appearance of the triumphant American was in the opera of "Mignon." Her interpretation of the rôle was, to say the least, exquisitely natural.

After witnessing these performances, in which the young *artiste* displays such extraordinary powers—musically and dramatically—we marvel at the blindness of the American managers who allowed us to carry off such a magnificent singer!

Madame Emma Nevada, and Madame Durand, both of whom are Americans, have met with very flattering receptions this season at our Opera.

St. Petersburg concert patrons will have the opportunity of hearing three eminent pianists this month: Anton Rubinstein, Madame Sophie Menter, and Alfred Reisenaur. M. Maurel, the French baritone, has just scored a big success in the Opera at Warsaw. The attempt to give a season of Wagnerian Opera has failed, and the Imperial edict has gone forth that German music cannot be permitted at the St. Petersburg Opera. Comment is unnecessary!

ALEXIS DALMATOFF.

The new Annual Register of the London College of Music for 1894, will shortly be ready, and will include some novel features. The next Theoretical examination is announced for April 5th, the practical examination also taking place that month.

Money and Music.

THAT music hath charms has been known, if not from the days when David exorcised the evil spirit by means of his harp, at least from the time when Shakespeare placed a perpetual stigma on the man who denies himself the delights of melody. Now-a-days we are coming to see that the charms are of a much more substantial nature than ever the Elizabethan dramatist thought of—much more substantial than ever they were in the days when Handel went bankrupt three times in succession,—when Bach, from the increase of “olive branches,” had to plead for an increase of salary,—when Beethoven lay dying at the door of poverty,—when Mozart, for lack of gulden, had to be consigned to a pauper’s grave! Yes, we have changed all that kind of thing now. Art in these enlightened days is held to be incompatible with crusts and miserable surroundings; and the musician of talent who, as composer, singer, performer, or what not, cannot run his annual income into four figures, is either too conscientious or is lacking in the proverbial eye to business.

The cry is very often raised that, as man cannot live by bread alone, so neither can he live by composition alone. Well, probably not more than a score of men can at any one time. But for the score, at any rate, the rewards are assuredly worth striving for. In Mozart’s days the claim of the brain worker to a fair wage had hardly been realised, otherwise the payment of £20 for “Don Giovanni” would never have had to be placed on record. But now the composer, if he is an astute man, gets his fair wage, and sometimes a good deal over. Wagner sold the copyright—not the performing rights, mind you—of his “Parsifal” for about £9,000, perhaps the largest sum ever paid to a composer for a single opera; while from the American ladies, who desired to have an orchestral march for their centenary celebration, he received something over £1,000. Gounod drew—and out of English pockets too—just £4,000 for his “Redemption”; and £1,000 used to be the price of a Brahms’ Symphony. These works would represent in each instance the arduous labour of years on the part of masters endowed with genius, and not lacking that degree of fame without which genius has perforce to blush unseen. And yet Madame Patti, singing her three hackneyed songs for three weeks, if well engaged and well boomed, would equal even the highest amount here quoted, with a minimum of mental effort.

The producer of a drawing-room ballad, it has been said, could in the remotest degree compare his earnings to those of operatic stars of the first magnitude. And this is true to a certain extent. The publisher who once thought £20 too much for “Nancy Lee,” has paid, we believe, something like £10,000 to Mr. Michael Maybrick in royalties upon the song. Sir Arthur Sullivan—who is said to make about £30,000 a year—received for one song £700 down; and the income made by such composers as Jacques Blumenthal, Mr. Cowen, and others who write down to the public taste, must be pretty nearly as good as that of a Cabinet minister. M. Gounod, who obtained only £40 for the English rights of “Faust,” used to get from our publishers eighty or a hundred pounds for every song he wrote, and this was exceedingly moderate, considering that he usually waived the right to a royalty. A majority of our well-known English musicians claim their royalty, and receive a cheque for a hundred or a hundred and

fifty as well. M. Tosti can command £250 for a ballad, and his publisher is probably a gainer at that; and the same amounts will readily be obtained by such well-known writers as Mr. Milton Wellings, Mr. Stephen Adams, Mr. Molloy, Mr. Marzials, and the other dozen composers who form the sum total of the recognised genius of the country.

If you ask the composer who does not command these terms—or indeed any terms at all—whether music pays, he will probably reply, “Yes, it pays—its publisher.” And it must be admitted that there is some ground for the somewhat cynical notion. Balfe, who died worth £8,000 only, gained by “The Bohemian Girl” something less than £1,500, whereas his “Marble Halls” alone turned in £3,000—to its publisher. The reverend author of “She wore a wreath of roses” sold his copyright for fifty shillings, to be repurchased by Mr. Williams for £500. George Barker received only forty shillings for “The White Squall,” by which Messrs. Cramer realized thousands (and “generously” gave, afterwards, a cheque for £100). The composer of “Kathleen Mavourneen,” out of which many hundreds of pounds have been made for the publishers, received a sum of less than two figures for it, and is now living in America a poor old man of eighty. Farmer got just £10 for the copyright of his celebrated “Violin Tutor,” and in 1891 the work was sold for over £1,000. These figures give some weight to the old Byronic idea that the publisher is in the habit of drinking champagne out of the skulls of unlucky authors, even if one does not go the length of accepting Barabbas as a synonym for the said publisher. When Mr. John Boosey died, recently, he left behind him a fortune of £74,000; and even that was small compared with the wealth of Mr. Robert Cocks, who died a few years ago, and whose personalty alone was nearly £200,000. Yes, music hath indeed some very substantial charms.

Not so long ago, the public professed to be astonished at Mr. Paderewski’s £35,000, as the result of sixty-four concerts in the States (about £3 15s. per minute at the keyboard). But the Polish pianist did as well in this country during last year, where, with fewer concerts, he made something like £30,000. As a matter of fact, the profits of artists have been on the increase since Rubinstein gave his historical recitals at St. James’ Hall, in May and June, 1887, at the last of which there was just close on £1,000 in the house. Madame Patti ranks highest among artists who have attracted the most money, for on one memorable occasion at the Albert Hall, the receipts were over £2,000. Mr. Sims Reeves, with the aid of Neilson, cut a fine figure (nearly £2,000) at the same place on the occasion of one of his “final farewells,” and that is said to have been the only occasion when the big upper gallery of the Kensington Amphitheatre, which is reputed to hold some five thousand people, was filled to its utmost capacity. The extent to which “infant phenomenon” worship was carried in the Jubilee year was shown in the fact that little Hoffmann, who only got £70 into the house when he first appeared, attracted no less than £650 to St. James’ Hall on the same afternoon as the Jubilee buns were distributed to the school-children in the park.

Senor Sarasate’s biggest figure, but at lowered prices, was £480; and M. de Pachmann touched £400 as his best individual effort. These figures are in sufficient contrast to what obtained a few years previously, for the best “house” that Von Bulow ever had was £200, and this was considered marvellous at the time. Dickens’ last reading in St.

James’ Hall turned the corner for £400, but of course at lower prices than are now asked.

The fees paid to artists are, of course, a different matter; but here, again, Madame Patti is easily first, her fee for singing in London being £800. Mr. Edward Lloyd averages sixty guineas a concert, and about £300 or £400 for a festival week; Madame Albani’s *douceur* is £150, Mr. Santley’s about fifty guineas, and Madame Antoinette Sterling is said to be content with thirty or forty guineas. Mr. Sims Reeves has had as much as £120 for one evening, although content in former days to take as low a sum as ten pounds from the old Sacred Harmonic Society.

The difference between the past and the present of the vocalist market may indeed be fairly gauged by the Sacred Harmonic Society’s payments in the early days. For example, at the Christmas performance of “The Messiah” in 1853, Miss Birch was paid £8 8s.; Madame Sainton-Dolby the same; Mr. and Mrs. Lockey together, £16 16s.; and Mr. Weiss, £6 6s. At the performance of “Israel in Egypt” in the same year, Mr. Sims Reeves took £15 15s.; Herr Carl Formes, £10 10s.; and Madame Sainton-Dolby, £8 8s. Nine years afterwards, for the Sacred Harmonic performance of the “Messiah,” in December, 1862, Madame Rudersdorff was paid £10 10s.; Mr. Henry Haigh, £8 8s.; while Madame Sainton-Dolby’s terms had risen to £10 10s. If any concert manager now-a-days should offer such fees as these to popular vocalists, he would certainly be laughed at; but it is a question whether in the interests of art and the public, too much is being paid to the makers of music in various departments.

Notes from Leeds.

CHRISTMAS has brought its usual lull in matters musical, but there is one concert in connection with it which requires notice, namely, the annual performance of Handel’s “Messiah” by the Philharmonic Society. The chorus was heard at its best, singing the familiar music with a most praiseworthy absence of carelessness, and with admirable steadiness. The orchestra was efficient enough. The soloists were Madame Albani, Miss Sarah Berry, Mr. Irwen Jones, and Mr. W. H. Brereton, who included, along with the usual numbers, that usually omitted, “Thou art gone up on high.” The Robert Franz accompaniments were used.

Mr. Edgar Haddock commenced the second half of his season on the 16th, when an excellent concert of the ballad type was again provided. Mr. Edward Lloyd’s presence was alone sufficient to elevate the “evening” above an average level, and he was in excellent voice. In “The Last Watch,” “Come into the Garden,” and “When other Lips,” he had chosen songs worthy of his attention, and sang them as only he can. Madame Fanny Moody was also charming in Bach-Gounod’s “Ave Maria,” and Sullivan’s “Poor Wandering One.” Madame Swiatlowski created a favourable impression in an air from “Rodelinda,” and songs by Glinka and Taubert, and Mr. Mannors gave “I’m a Roamer,” “In Cellar cool,” and “Father O’Flynn,” very much to the taste of the audience. Miss Pauline St. Angelo played with much taste with Mr. Haddock in an adagio and allegro by Rubinstein, and in addition gave solos by Schumann, Rubinstein and Liszt, as well as a melodious little piece by Mr. G. P. Haddock, “Twilight Thoughts.” Mr. Edgar Haddock gave, in his well-known style, the Kreutzer Sonata Andante, and an arrangement of Haydn’s Austrian Hymn.



Welsh Memo and Musings.

BY IDRIS MAEWGWYN.

RHYL PAVILION, SEASON 1894.

HAVE undeniable authority to state that the Directors have now completed their arrangements for the forthcoming season.

They have engaged the services of Mr. D. Ffrench Davies, of Birmingham, with his celebrated orchestra, so highly appreciated in the popular concerts which Mr. Davies has for many years given in Birmingham Town Hall. Mr. Davies' successes are not only as conductor, but as being a brilliant harpist, known all over the great cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and his efforts will be seconded by the pianoforte performances of his daughter, who is looked upon as one of the most accomplished pianists and harpists of the day. Arrangements are already in progress for engaging the services of vocalists of distinction, and pianoforte and harp recitals will form a pleasing variety in the programmes.

The concerts (morning and evening) will commence on Saturday, May 12th, and continue without interruption to the end of the season.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF 1894

Besides the Scranton Choir from the States, another choir has signified its intention of competing in the chief choral contest at the above Eisteddfod; viz., the Welsh Temperance Choral Society, of London, conducted by Mr. Arch. This brings the number of entries up to five for the chief choral contest.

It is understood that Mr. C. F. Lloyd, Mus. Bac., has been asked to compose a short orchestral piece for performance at the Eisteddfod. This is a step in the right direction, and calculated to remove the impression that Welsh musical people never soar beyond vocal choral performances.

"The Legend of St. David" (Dewi Sant), which is to be performed for the first time at the above National Eisteddfod, has just been issued. It is a work of considerable scope, and is the most important which the composer, Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., Aberystwyth, has yet undertaken. The libretto (in Welsh and English) is by Mr. H. W. Hughes (Ap Arwystl), and his pianoforte accompaniment has been arranged from the orchestral score by Isalaw. We are greatly surprised at this. Why put a gentleman of no reputation whatever as a piano accompaniment writer?

The publisher is the author, who has been careful to see that his labours should not suffer from inattention to this important department.

DOLGELLEY NEW YEAR'S DAY EISTEDDFOD.

Chief Choral Competition. Test pieces (a), "And then shall your light" (Elijah); (b) any Welsh piece. Prize, £40. Best, the Festiniog United Choir, conducted by Mr. Cadwaladr Roberts. Second Choral Competition. Test piece, "Trowch i'r Amddiffynfa" (J. H. Roberts). Prize, £12. Best, Llanffestiniog Choir, conducted by Mr. E. Williams. Male Voice Choir Competition. Test piece, "Monk's War March" (Dr. Parry). Prize, £12. Best, The Portmadoc Male Choir, conducted by Mr. Bennett Williams. Orchestral Band Competition. Test piece, "La Souveraine" (Hermann). Prize, £5. Best, Dolgelley Orchestral Band, led by Mr. J. H. Marshall, M.A. Bass Solo, "The Inchcape Bell" (J. Henry); prize, £1. Best, Mr. Vaughan Davies, Ruthin. Tenor Solo, "The Holy City" (Adams); prize, £1. Best, Mr. T. Thomas, Cefnawr. Contralto Solo "O rest in the Lord" (Elijah); prize, £1. Divided between Miss Gwenfron Jones, Wrexham, and Miss Maggie Pierce, Dolgelley. Soprano Solo, "The Maid of the Brook"; prize, £1. Best, Miss Wright and Miss Clarke, Wrexham. Musical Adjudicators: Mr. W. H. Thomas, of The Guildhall School of Music; and in the absence of Joseph Bennett, Esq., London, Mr. J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., Bow Street, Aberystwyth.

In the evening the room was crowded to hear a

performance of Beethoven's Service in C sung by the Idris Choral Society, under the leadership of Mr. O. O. Roberts, with orchestral accompaniment by Mr. Vasco V. Akeroyd of Liverpool's band; Madame Williams Penn, R.A.M., taking the soprano parts; Miss Mary Reeve, R.C.M., the contralto; Mr. Norman McLeod Jones, R.C.M., the tenor; and Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, M.A., the bass. Mr. W. L. Barrett, the celebrated London flautist, took part in the orchestra, and Mr. W. M. Griffiths, Mus. Bac., and Miss A. May Roberts accompanied on the piano and harmonium. The second part of the evening was occupied by miscellaneous music of high-class character, which gave greater variety to the concert, and seemed to give more satisfaction to the general audience than if the whole evening was occupied by a classical work. The Service in C was a beautiful performance of a great classic work, upon which Mr. Roberts and the Society deserve the highest congratulations. In the miscellaneous part, a muted string piece by the Band was listened to with rapt attention. Mr. Norman Jones was particularly fortunate in his singing, with the result that he received a vociferous encore. Mr. Barrett, also, gave a magnificent performance on the flute. He played a new suite for the flute and piano which displayed the compass of the instrument and the ability of the performer. Ambrose Thomas's overture "Raymond" by the Band was a splendid performance with which the audience were delighted. Mr. Akeroyd had brought to the Eisteddfod a following of able performers on the different instruments. Miss Mary Reeve, in singing Cowen's "A song and a rose," though possessing a strong, clear voice, was a trifle hard and unsympathetic. Mr. V. Akeroyd gave a difficult solo on the bassoon, and earned an undeniable encore. One of the prettiest pieces of the evening was Gounod's Serenade, by Madame Williams Penn, with flute obligato by Mr. Barrett; and the anthem, "Gogoniant i Dduw," composed by Mr. M. W. Griffiths, and sung by the Society, was a very fine piece of full score music. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who combines a classic training and an artistic mind with a rich and powerful voice and goodly presence, is always a favourite at Dolgelley. He seems equally at home in English, Welsh, or Italian. His singing in the last-named language of Mozart's "Non piu Andrai," from *Le Nozze di Figaro* was a treat to all lovers of operatic music; and his encore song of "No sir," rendered in Welsh, made the gods shout with laughter and delight. His singing of Purcell's "Mad Tom" was also an excellent performance, and was received by immense applause by all sections of the audience.

At a banquet given in connection to the above Eisteddfod, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies pointed out in an admirable address the danger, particularly in Wales, of confounding music with sentiment, and of giving expression to sentiment at a sacrifice of musical form. He spoke as follows, after a few preliminary remarks:—

There were many good signs of the times, both in North and South Wales, but, nevertheless, there was an enemy at the gates. He referred to the tendency to confound music with sentiment. Music was not a mere vehicle for the expression of sentiment, but was a means for conveying musical thought, there being such a thing as a musical idea, standing alone by its own inherent strength. The highest music was the development of musical thought, and was made up of form, rhythm, time divisions, harmonious developments, discord, and concords. Those elements could be found in the string quartette and the symphony. There was more sound in the symphony, which made it more attractive to some people, but the higher one got in the scale of music the less noise one wanted. Barbarian music was all drum. The danger of the Celt was in confounding the rush and noise of sentiment with music, and in giving expression to sentiment at a sacrifice to musical form. He was in greater danger of doing that because the Celtic musician was chiefly concerned with vocal, and not with instrumental effects. In instrumental music there was more room for musical thought alone. In vocal music human sentiment came in, and they lost sight of the great effect of music. They, however, made that mistake in good company. Even the greatest geniuses had lost their sheet anchor, and perpetuated some atrocities in musical composition. There was an antidote to that danger, and that was a study of the works of the great masters—

Bach and Mozart, Beethoven and Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn. If they desired to become real musicians, they must not follow people who might be stigmatised as purveyors of musical drams. The same thing occurred in the literary world. Instead of Thackeray, Dickens, and Brontë, they had their Stevensons, Rider Haggards, and Conan Doyle. Style, grandeur of diction, and so on, suffered because people wanted something to catch on at once. In Dolgelley, he was pleased to see, they had the courage, there among the mountains of Wales, to perform a noble, dignified, calm work; and that was the way to discount the danger which beset music in the Principality. By that means they differentiated between music and sentiment, and did work which would best make Wales a nation of musicians. Music was an art. It was a confusion of thought to confound the play of the emotions with the exercise of the art of music. How often did they hear that it was a province of music to be the vehicle for expressing the emotions—love, hate, scorn, etc. That, however, was but a secondary part of music. The province of art was creation. Science taught to know; art to do. The art of the musician created the structure of a symphony, e.g., or a string quartette; and those stood by inherent power, dealing with the vague and the spiritual, the imaginative and the intellectual, and not merely with the sensuous. True composers created a definite musical thought which stood alone and apart from the mere expression of fleeting ephemeral emotions. Some people thought that they could get at the nature and composition of music by examining the emotions it aroused. They might as well try to get at the properties of wine by getting drunk. No; let them examine music itself, its component parts of rhythm, time divisions, harmonious developments, discords and concords, and they would get a clearer and nobler view of the art; they would dignify and ennoble their music by paying heed to its laws, and not allowing the rush of sentiment to sweep away the calm, reposeful, imaginative, and intellectual contemplation which the Greek philosopher said was the delight of the gods. It was not in the earthquake or windy storm or stress of hurricane that they found the divinest divine; but rather in the still small voice that spoke of the higher and nobler part of man—the imaginative and the intellectual—the parts wherein he nearest approaches the great Inspirer of all art.

Music in Glasgow.

THIS month has again been prolific in Concerts. The Choral Union Scheme being now afoot, the Scottish Orchestra Combination does not engross the public attention.

The Choro-orchestral Scheme gave their first Choral Concert in St. Andrew's Hall on the 19th ult. Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and MacCunn's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," were performed, the artistes being Misses Ella Russell and Greta Williams, and Messrs. Iver McKay and Watkin Mills; Mr. Bradley conducted, and the performance gave unqualified satisfaction.

At the Tuesday Orchestral Concert Mr. Manns conducted, and Miss Thudichum and Mr. Elkan Cosman were soloists, the latter playing Mendelssohn's Concerto for violin and orchestra. Haydn's Symphony, No. 2, and Selections from the "Meistersinger" were the principal items of the programme.

At the "Messiah" Concert on New Year's Day, hundreds were turned away from the doors: the artistes were Madame Samuël, Miss Berry, Messrs. E. Branscombe and Foli. The Orchestral Concert on the evening of the same day, under Mr. Manns was also crowded, Madame Samuël and Foli being vocalists. The programme was of a popular character, and does not call for remark.

At the Concert on Thursday, January 4, Cesar Thompson, violinist, from Liege, was the attraction. He played Beethoven's Concerto. On the following Saturday, at the Popular Concert, he created quite a *furor*, and had to respond twice. Though this is only his second visit to Scotland, he has already established a reputation as a virtuoso on the violin. Franz Rummel was solo pianist at the following Concert on Tuesday, January 9, and played Schumann's Concerto in a musicianly manner; his other selections by Liszt were *encored*, and he had to play again. The band, under Mr. Manns, played Beethoven's No. 8 in F, and selections from Berlioz's "Faust."

The Choral Union, under Mr. Bradley, gave the "Messiah" in the City Hall on January 12. Artistes:

Madame Henson, Miss Chamberlain, and Messrs. E. Branscombe and Andrew Black. The hall was crowded.

The Scottish Orchestra, under Mr. Henschel's direction, gave a Concert in St. Andrew's Hall on January 8. Miss Fanny Davies played Chopin's Concerto No. 2 in F minor. Dr. Stanford was present, and personally conducted his "Becket" music, which was well received by a highly critical and discriminating audience. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel contributed the vocal numbers. There was a good audience.

On New Year's Day this Orchestra essayed a Concert in the City Hall, the principal attractions being Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Mr. Andrew Black as vocalist. There was a fair audience.

Their next Concert was given on January 12, in St. Andrew's Hall. Miss Brema, vocalist; and Mr. Schonberger, pianist. The latter played E. Moor's new Concerto for pianoforte. It is a scholarly, effective work, and was well rendered by Mr. Schonberger. Mr. Henschel conducted.

Music in Berlin.

THE German's love for music is proverbial. He partakes of it with his glass of beer and his cup of coffee: at all times and at all places must he have his music. There is apparently only one thing paramount to it in his estimation, and that is the advent of the holiday season. Then, for a short time, he forsakes the concerts and opera, and gives himself up to the full enjoyment of Christmas. Consequently the two weeks contiguous to Christmas and New Year were almost destitute of concerts, and gave the weary concert-goer an opportunity to recuperate from the musical activity of the past three months, at the same time enabling him to prepare for the long season beginning with the New Year and ending with the approach of warm weather.

The sixth concert of the Opera House orchestra, on Jan. 6, was made interesting by the appearance on the programme of a composition from the pen of a composer who is still living. This innovation, coming so soon in the new year, was probably the result of a New Year's resolution on the part of the Opera House management; but, whatever the cause, the innovation was a happy one, and its success should encourage the management to place new compositions oftener on their programmes, and to give some of the old compositions that rest to which their hoary age entitles them. The composition in question—Anton Bruckner's Seventh Symphony in E—proved to be a most scholarly and classical work, availing itself of all the adjuncts of modern harmony, and of the complete orchestra. At the conclusion of the symphony Herr Bruckner was called before the curtain to receive the applause of a delighted and enthusiastic audience. The remainder of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's "Melusine" overture, a "Serenade" for string instruments, from Haydn, and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony. Dr. Muck conducted in place of Herr Weingartner, who is still suffering from the all-prevailing influenza.

Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" was given at the Opera House on Jan. 7, the fiftieth anniversary of its first performance on this stage. The posters placed around the city contained a most interesting feature. Side by side were printed the two programmes: that of fifty years ago, together with that of the present performance. What a commentary of the fleeting nature of Fame was that quaintly printed programme, with its list of singers whose names are now not even remembered! December 29 the Wagner Verein gave their second concert of the season, the programme, of course, consisting entirely of Wagner's works. The overtures to the "Feen" (Wagner's first opera, composed when he was twenty years of age), "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," and "Flying Dutchman," and the "Siegfried Idyll," were the orchestral numbers performed. The vocal numbers consisted of a Scene and Ariel from the "Feen," and the introduction and Prayer from "Rienzi," sung by

Herr Emil Goetze, and five poems sung by Frau Sucher, of the Royal Opera House. Siegfried Wagner conducted the entire programme, and showed himself as possessing talent of no mean order as a conductor, notably in the "Siegfried Idyll" and the "Tannhäuser" overture, the latter being given with a brilliancy rarely equalled here. Probably the most perfect of all Wagner's orchestral writings is the "Idyll," and it was doubly interesting to hear it performed by the man for whose birth it was written as a thank-offering. A fact that may be of interest to your Wagnerian readers is that Siegfried Wagner is left-handed, which, until one becomes accustomed to the novelty, gives him the appearance of being an awkward director.

During Christmas week the Sing-Academie Chorus gave Bach's Christmas Oratorio, assisted by the Philharmonic orchestra, under Herr Blumer's direction. January 12, the same chorus performed Brahms's "Song of Triumph," and Cherubini's Mass in D minor. The Brahms number was a most brilliant one, being written entirely for chorus, with the exception of a short solo for baritone. The opening chorus, comprising one-half of the composition, was by far the best part of the work, and places Brahms in the front rank of chorus writers. The Mass was given in its entirety. The Gloria and Credo were especially well rendered; the fugue of the former was given with a fine volume of tone, and correctness of phrasing.

The Philharmonic Chorus' second concert was a most interesting one to musicians, its programme being devoted almost entirely to new works. The first number was Eugene d'Albert's "Man and the Life," under the composer's personal direction. The composition was in the modern style of writing, but with all its freeness it was classical and scholarly. It received a hearty greeting from the audience, who testified their pleasure at the departure of their favourite into a new field of labour. D'Albert the pianist must look to his laurels, or else he will be eclipsed by d'Albert the composer. Following came four pieces by Hugo Wolf. The first, "Marguerite's Song," for soprano solo, was a strong piece of dramatic writing, the text being taken from Ibsen's "The Festival of Solhag." The second was a tenor solo set to "Anacreon's Grave," from Goethe. The third proved to be the most popular of the four, and had to be repeated. The words were taken from the "Song of the Fairies," in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and were arranged for soprano solo and chorus of female voices. The delicacy and daintiness of the scene have been most faithfully carried out in the music of the orchestra, the bird songs being especially good. This work should prove acceptable in England, as it is a most interesting and welcome addition to the Shakespeare music. The fourth piece was for full orchestra and chorus, "The Fire Rider," the text describing graphically the death of a fireman in the ruins of a burning mill. Herr Wolf was present, and had to bow his acknowledgments to the audience. The four Wolf numbers and the d'Albert were given for the first time. The concluding chorus was Bruckner's "Te Deum," for solo, chorus, organ and orchestra. It is one of the masterpieces of religious music, and made a profound impression on the audience. Herr Bruckner, who has just completed his seventieth year, being in Berlin at the time, was present, and received a large laurel wreath, the usual German fashion of conferring honour upon the recipient.

The second cyclis of the Joachim Quartette began Dec. 28, which was devoted entirely to Beethoven's works. The F major, Op. 135, and F major, Op. 59 quartettes, as well as the D major, Op. 8 trio were performed. The second concert, Jan. 13, consisted of Mozart's B flat, Beethoven's A minor, Op. 132, and Gernsheim quartettes.

Fraulein Betty Schwabe, a talented pupil of Joachim's, gave a concert at the Sing Academie, on Jan. 6, at which Joachim conducted, and his daughter sang.

Miss Heinberg, an American piano pupil of Herr Barth, gave a recital at Saal Bechstein. Both of these young artistes received favourable notices from the critics as possessing musical talent above the ordinary.

I had the good fortune to hear Rubinstein at the second of the three recitals he gave here last month. It was the first time I had ever heard the great master; and the question that presented itself to me after the concert was: What has become of the art of piano playing? Is it a lost art already? Not in the dexterity of arms and fingers, but in that wonderful power to hold an entire audience spell-bound, and arouse it to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Who is there to-day that can approach in any way the three great masters of the piano, Liszt, Rubinstein and Von Bülow? Who is there to keep up the art of piano playing to the standard of these three kings?

INSLOW.

Music in Vienna.

FEW of the concerts in the last month have been by local or even Austrian artists. The most noteworthy of the visitors was Alice Barti, who gave her Concert d'Adieu lately. Her appearance was greeted with a burst of applause, and when Brahms walked to the piano as accompanist, the delight of the audience knew no bounds. The soloist from the opera house in Budapest, Herr Bürger, gave two very successful concerts here. A young English pianist, Miss Ethel Sharp, gave a concert on the 5th January. This young artiste has many of the qualities of the virtuoso; her technique is excellent, her touch good, and we may hope good things for her future. The Russian vocal Cappella performed a well-selected programme. M. Adam Ore, a Russian organist, gave a concert on the 7th January appearing as soloist and composer. Popper, the famous cellist, won new laurels at his concert on the 8th. Two interesting sonatas for piano and violin were performed at the Tonkünstler Verein, on the 1st and 8th, respectively. The first is by Robert Fuchs, and is a work perfect in form, and full of beauty, showing the cultured and talented musician in every bar. It is strange that this composer's works should be comparatively unknown in England. An interesting novelty might be added to the Palace concerts in the shape of, say, one of his beautiful serenades, conducted by the composer. The other sonata is by one of our Verein members, Gustav Jenner, a pupil of Brahms. It is a work full of promise, and we hope to hear more of this coming young composer's works at no distant date. Gerardy played at the Philharmonic on the 14th, and appears again on the 18th. I shall notice this next month. Regina Picini, the Portuguese coloratura singer, took the public by storm with her rendering of works by Bellini, Rossini, and Gounod, and variations with flute obligato, by Proch. I hope in my next article to be in a position to include the most interesting performance in the opera house.

HARRY A. THOMSON.

Music in Portsmouth.

THERE has been no special event in the local musical world beyond the usual weekly Pier and Portland Hall Concerts, and the excellent production by D'Oyly Carte's Company of "Utopia" at the Theatre Royal, followed by his Repertoire Company with "Gondoliers," "Pirates of Penzance," "Mikado," and "Patience."

A new Choral Society made its first appearance on Thursday, 11th ult. at the Kent Road Congregational Schoolroom, under the conductorship of Mr. W. A. Griesbach.

Mr. I. W. D. Pillow, for many years the conductor of the Portsmouth Philharmonic Society, has resigned his honorary position, and this important body is to be congratulated on having found so talented a successor as Mr. A. Williams, Mus. Bac., bandmaster, R.M.A. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" is now in practice.

Go:port.

M. HART.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

DEAR SIR,—In justice to Mr. Myles Foster, my able predecessor, it should have been stated in your account of the Foundling Hospital and its music that he was organist and director of the music for, I believe, a period of thirteen years, and that I succeeded him in 1892. In conclusion, may I say that your account of the number of voices is now not correct. The choir is made up as follows:—100 girls, first trebles, 20 of whom sing second treble when necessary; 60 boys, first treble, 20 of whom sing second treble when required; and 20 alto boys, who are trained exclusively for the alto parts: total 180. Professional choir: Miss Elsie Mackenzie, soprano; Miss Marion Mackenzie, contralto; Mr. J. Masters, first tenor; Mr. Edwin Moss, second tenor; Mr. Arthur Barlow, first bass; Mr. Ben Grove, second bass.

Yours faithfully,
H. DAVAN WETTON,
Organist and Director of the Music.

MR. FRANK ALBUTT.—Thank you for your letter. We shall be giving, during the next few months, an analysis of Mozart's Sonatas in addition to the composition of the month, and "How to Practise"; and presently we shall be starting "Our Quartet Party," under which heading will be given analyses of Beethoven's string quartets.

44, HAMILTON GARDENS,
ST JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.
January 14th, 1894.

To the Editor of the "MAGAZINE OF MUSIC."

SIR,—A few days ago my friend Mr. Walter Wesché called my attention to a passage in the Rondo of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in E flat, Op. 7, which must either have been a slip of the pen on the part of the author, or else have originated in a printer's error, which has since transplanted itself into every edition. In bar 75 of the movement in question the following succession of notes occurs:



Judging, however, by what has been going on in the 11 preceding bars, as well as what follows during the next 18 bars, where the passage running thus:



is repeated over and over again in various forms and keys, one must, to my mind, irresistibly come to the conclusion that in bar 75 the two notes marked * should in both cases be E sharp, and certainly not G. Only once again does one notice another deviation from the original passage, and that is in bar 78:



though this is very easily explained by the circumstance that this Sonata was composed at a time when the keyboard did not extend beyond



otherwise Beethoven most assuredly would have written:



Having touched upon this point, it is indeed interesting to observe with what marvellous skill Beethoven managed, in his earlier pianoforte works, to avoid going any higher than the instrument at that time allowed, and only in the rarest cases does one feel that he was in any way hampered by this restriction, as in the example cited above. Already during Beethoven's lifetime the compass of the pianoforte gradually extended until it reached the four-lined F, and from his Op. 53 (Waldstein Sonata) onwards one can see him taking the fullest advantage of this improvement.

Yours very faithfully,
ALGERNON ASHTON.

Patents.

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- 23,826. Oliver Imray, 28, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in the manufacture of sounding boards for musical instruments. December 11th, 1893.
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Michael Brown

Very truly Yrs
Lucy Wood James

Magazine of Music Supplement, February 1894.

DUETTO

from the Opera "FAUST"
by
GOUNOD.

The Ferry-Boat.

Song by
MENDELSSOHN.

Andante con moto

&
Allegro vivace

by
Mendelssohn.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

DUETTO

from the Opera "Faust."

GOUNOD.

Andante. **Margherita.** **Faust.**

VOICE. The hour is late! Farewell! O ne-ver leave me now, I
Tar-di si fa. Ad-dio! Ah! ti scongiuro in-van, in-

PIANO. *pp* *cresc.*

pray! Why not en-joy this some moments lon-ger?
van, La-seia, la mia strin-ger la tua ma-no,

Let me gaze, let me gaze on the vi-sion be-fore me, Let me gaze on the vi-sion be-
Dammi an-cor, dammi an-cor contemplar il tuo vi-so, Dammi an-cor contem-plar il tuo

fore me, While from yon e-ther blue Look how the star of eve,
vi-so, Al pal-li-do chiar-or Che vien da-gli astri d'or,

Bright and ten-der lin-gers o'er me To love, to love thy beau-ty too!
e po-sa un-tie-ve ve-to Sul vol-to, sul vol-to tuo si del.

Margherita.

O what rap-ture! like a spell Does the eve-ning en-chant me! With a ra-diance mys-
O si-len-zio! o mi-ster! i-nef-fa-bil mi-ste-ro! vo-lut-ta-de dol-



te-ri-ous it en-chants me! It spreads a languid charm— I feel with-
 cis-si-ma! o mi-ste-ro! Ed-drez-sa i-gno-fa a me! A-scol-to, e

out a-larm, With me-lo-dy en-wind me, en-wind me, And all my heart sub-
 colmo ho il cor O-do una voce ar-ca-na Che can-ta, che can-ta nel mio

Faust.
 due! Let me now try my for-tune,— What is
 cor! Lasciate un po; ven pre go, Per che

Margherita.
 this? On-ly a play, Let me, let me but
 far? Con-sul-to un fior, Un sol, un so-lo

Faust. Margherita.
 try? What is it? what is now her fan-cy? He loves me! Yet he loves me
 fior. Che co-sa di-ci si som-mes-so. E! m'a-ma! e! non m'a-ma,

Faust.
 not, He loves me not, He loves me not! he loves me! Ah! 'tis not tale be-
 no, ei m'a-ma! no, E! m'a-ma! no, ei m'a-ma! Si, cre-di a que-sto
 cresc. animato poco a poco

tray-ing; The flow'r has told thee true, Re-peat the words a - new That Na-ture's he-rald
fior, Il fio - re dell' a - mor, E - gli ti di - ce al cor, Quel che il tuo cor de -

brings thee. "He loves thee!" In that spell de - fy what Fate can do. In
si - a. E - t' a - ma! Non sai tu com' e fe - li - ce a - mar? A -

love no mor - tal pow'r Faith - ful
mar! por - tar in cor un ar -

heart from heart can se - - - ver,
dor o - gnor fer - ven - - - te!

What - - e'er the weal or woe, We'll
In - - neb - dri - ar - si an - cor d'a -

faith - ful be for e - - - ver!
mor e - - ter - - na - men - - - te!

Adagio.

E-ver true!
Sem-pre-mar!

E-ver faith-ful!
sem-pre, sem-pre!

Faust.

E-ver true!
Sem-pre-mar!

E-ver faith-ful!
sem-pre, sem-pre!

O ten-der
Not-to d'a-

moon, O star-ry Heav'n, Si-lent a-bove thee, Where the an-gels are en-
mor, tut-ta splen-dor, Be-gli a-stri d'o-ro O ce-le-ste vo-lut-

Margherita.

thron'd. Hear, as I swear how dear-ly do I love thee. Yet once a-gain, be-lov-ed
tà! U-dir-si dir: t'a-mo, t'a-mo, t'a-do-ro. Ti vo-glio a-mar i-do-la-

one, Let me hear thee; It is but life to be near thee, thine own, and thine a-
trar! Par-la an-co-ra! Io tua sa-rò, sì, t'a-do-ro, Per te vo-glio mo-

lone!
rìr! Speak, love! let me hear thee!
Par-la, par-la an-co-ra!

Ah! my be-lo-ved! I am thine own! I am thine own, and thine a-lone.
Ah! sì, t'a-do-ro, Per te vo-glio mo-rir, per te vo-glio mo-rir!

rit.

THE FERRY-BOAT.

DAS SCHIFFLEIN.

(Umland.)

MENDELSSOHN.

Andante con molto di moto.

VOICE. *p* A boat is speed-ing light-ly, her wake is spark-ling bright-ly, and
Ein Schiff-lein zie-het lei-se den Strom hin sei-ne Glei-se, es

PIANO. *p*

si-lent-ly she fa-eth; all stran-gers that she bear-eth, and si-lent-ly she
schwei-gen die drin wan-der-n, denn Kei-ner kennt den An-der-n, es schwei-gen die drin

fa-eth; all stran-gers that she bear-eth. *cresc.* His fur-ry wal-let
wan-der-n, denn Kei-ner kennt den An-der-n. Was zieht hier aus dem

sha-king, what is the hunts-man ta-king? A horn, whose notes re-sound-ing, wake
Fel-le der brau-ne Waid-ge-sel-le? Ein Horn, das sanft er-schal-let, vom

e-choes far re-bound-ing? *f* A youth from case of leath-er now puts a flute to-
U-fer wie-der-hal-let. Von sei-nem Wan-der-sta-be schraubt Je-ner Stift und

dim. mf

geth - er; its tones are sweet-ly blend-ing, the horn an an-swer send-ing, its
Ha - be, und mischt mit Flö - ten - tö - nen sich in des Hor - nes Dröh - nen, und

tones are sweet-ly blend - - - ing, the horn an an-swer send-ing.
mischt mit Flö - ten - tö - - - nen sich in des Hor - nes Dröh-nen.

pp
A mai-den sits so shy there, as though speech were de-nied her; she
Das Mäd-chen sass so blö-de, als fehlt ihr gar die Re-de. Jetzt

soon is gai-ly sing-ing while flute and horn are ring-ing; the boat is on-ward
stimmt sie mit Ge-san-ge-zu Horn und Flö-ten-klan-ge. Die Ru-der auch sich

fly-ing, to me-lo-dy re-ply-ing; the boat is on-ward fly-ing, to
re-gen mit takt-ge-mä-ssen Schlä-gen, das Schiff hin-un-ter flie-get, von

me - lo - dy re - ply - ing; the boat is on - ward fly - ing, to me - lo - dy re - ply -
 Me - lo - die ge - wie - get, das Schiff hin - un - ter flie - get, von Me - lo - die ge - wie -

ing; to me - lo - dy re - ply - ing.
 get, von Me - lo - die ge - wie - get.

dim. *p* *dim.*

Hard ground the boat at landing, a - part now all are standing. In one boat shall we
 Hart stösst es auf am Strande, man trennt sich in die Lan - de. Wann tref - fen wir uns,

dim. *p*

e - ver, oh friends, meet thus to - ge - ther? In one boat shall we e - ver, oh
 Brü - der, auf ei - nem Schiff - lein wie - der? Wann tref - fen wir uns, Brü - der, auf

p *

friends, meet thus to - ge - ther? Oh friends, meet thus to - ge - ther?
 ei - nem Schifflein wieder, auf ei - nem Schifflein wie - der?

p *

Andante con moto & Allegro vivace.

MENDELSSOHN, Op. 16. No. 1.

Andante con moto. (♩ = 100.)

The first system of musical notation for the 'Andante con moto' section. It consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is written in 4/4 time. The upper staff features a melodic line with various fingerings indicated by numbers 1-4. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *pp* (pianissimo). The system concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a *dim.* marking. The lower staff has a more active line with a *pp* marking. The system ends with a *dim.* marking and a repeat sign.

The third system of musical notation. It continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a *dim.* marking. The lower staff has a more active line with a *p* marking. The system ends with a *dim.* marking and a repeat sign.

Allegro vivace. (♩ = 132.)

The fourth system of musical notation, marking the beginning of the 'Allegro vivace' section. It consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. The music is written in 4/4 time. The upper staff features a melodic line with various fingerings indicated by numbers 1-4. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte). The system concludes with a *p* (piano) marking.

The fifth system of musical notation. It continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The lower staff has a more active line with a *p* marking. The system ends with a *cresc.* marking and a repeat sign.

This image shows a page of musical notation for a piano piece, likely from a 19th-century manuscript. The page contains six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The music is written in a key with three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), *ff* (fortissimo), *dim.* (diminuendo), *pp* (pianissimo), *poco riten.* (poco ritenuto), *a tempo*, *sempre cresc.* (sempre crescendo), and *con fuoco*. There are also fingerings indicated by numbers 1-4 and 1-3, and some notes are marked with a '+' sign. The page is numbered '20' in the top left corner.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the lower register, featuring a bass line with a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking and a 'p' (piano) marking. The voice part is in the upper register, featuring a melody with various ornaments and a 'p' (piano) marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is divided into two systems, each with five measures. The first system includes a 'cresc.' marking in the piano part and a 'p' marking in the voice part. The second system includes a 'p' marking in the piano part and a 'p' marking in the voice part. The piano part features a series of chords and a melodic line, while the voice part features a series of notes and ornaments.

1. 2. 3.

cresc.

con fuoco

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece begins with a treble staff featuring a series of chords and a melody line. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like *ff* and *p*. The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble staff.

[illegible]

A musical score for a song titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two staves, both in treble clef and key of D major (two sharps). The time signature is 4/4. The melody is on the upper staff, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, with some notes marked with accents. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, primarily using quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. A dynamic marking "dim." (diminuendo) is present in the lower staff towards the end of the visible section. The music concludes with a double bar line.

poco ritard. sino al tempo dell' Andante *pp*

cresc.

dim. *p* *cresc.*

dim. *f* *pp*

dim. *p* *pp*

The musical score consists of six systems of staves. The first system includes the tempo instruction "poco ritard. sino al tempo dell' Andante" and the dynamic "pp". The second system features a "cresc." marking. The third system includes "dim.", "p", and "cresc." markings. The fourth system includes "dim.", "f", and "pp" markings. The fifth system includes "dim.", "p", and "pp" markings. The sixth system includes "dim.", "p", and "pp" markings. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings, along with fingerings indicated by numbers 1-4 and 1-3.